

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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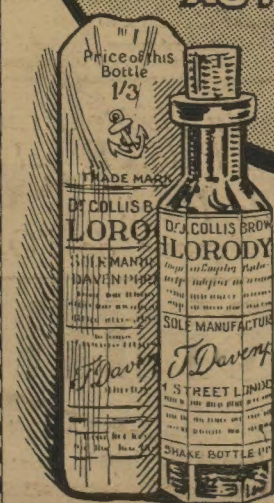
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1925.

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DEMOLISHING THE HOLY DOOR IN ST. PETER'S, WALLED UP SINCE THE LAST HOLY YEAR IN 1900: POPE PIUS XI. DELIVERING THREE CEREMONIAL BLOWS WITH A HAMMER OF GOLD TO INAUGURATE THE NEW HOLY YEAR.

The Holy Year, which is now observed by the Roman Catholic Church every twenty-five years, was duly inaugurated in Rome on Christmas Eve. As explained in our issue of December 20, where we gave two pages of illustrations to the subject, the year opens with the demolition of the Holy Doors, walled up since the end of the last Holy Year, in St. Peter's and three other churches in Rome—namely, St. John Lateran, Sta. Maria Maggiore, and St. Paul outside the walls. In St. Peter's the ceremony was performed by the Pope

appointed for the purpose. The above drawing, which was made from life, shows Pope Pius XI., with his hammer of gold, delivering the three ceremonial blows on the door, which was afterwards broken down by workmen to admit the Papal procession into the church. "This year's ceremony," writes the artist, M. Abbo, "is the twenty-third. The first was performed by Pope Boniface VIII. about the year 1300." One of our previous illustrations was a reproduction of a picture showing Pope Benedict XIV. knocking on the Holy Door in



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CHRISTMAS has brought round once more the idea of something that is at once special and universal; if only in the form of the ancient human habit of having a universal sentiment at a special time. This ancient human habit, like all ancient human habits, has been the subject of a highly modern fuss; the fuss of men who ask themselves indignantly why they do even the things that they want to do, and even the things that they go on doing. Reformers in recent centuries, having very conspicuously refused to make all men equal, or even all citizens equal, have sometimes raised a rather dismal revolt in favour of making all days equal; as if they were three hundred and sixty-five citizens standing all in a row. The Puritans tried to do it by making all the days as dark as nights; though in a rather different sense from that of making a night of it. The Utilitarians and the industrial civilisation they created did literally and not metaphorically, materially and not only morally, make days as dark as nights. We all had some experience of that great industrial product, fog, if we were wandering about (or trying to wander about) in London rather more than a week ago. Fortunately these days are exceptional; so that in my case it is even possible to enjoy a foggy day like a feast day. But it is not the fault of the industrial pioneers, O pioneers, that fog is not a climate instead of a catastrophe. They went forward without a single backward glance; driving straight on into the fog; having in the most literal sense no headlights. In the days of their power, they really wanted to sacrifice everything to their routine of rapidity; and if they had found their own transit stopped by their own fog, they would not really have known how to reconsider their whole intellectual position; and they could only have comforted themselves with the thought that, if all days were dull, it showed that all days were equal, and there was less danger of any nonsense about Christmas Day.

But generally the normal people enjoy special occasions without knowing why, just as the learned, lofty, cultivated, enlightened people despise them without knowing why. I do not mean that it is easy for anybody to define exactly why men tend to concentrate pleasure at particular places or times. In a sense it is too practical a piece of psychology to be defined. It is like asking the philosopher to explain, in a mathematical manner, why he feels hungry at breakfast-time and dinner-time, those two great red-letter feasts in the diurnal calendar. A cow goes on eating grass more or less steadily all day; a cow does spread out her meals till they are universal and deal with all hours of the day as if they were equal. Perhaps a cow is more philosophical than a philosopher. Cows drink water, and philosophers, at least real philosophers, drink wine. The very word still used in our magazines for a debate among intellectuals about some interesting topic is simply the name of the drinking-bout or wine-party of the old Greek philosophers. When an editor asks me to take part in a Symposium, I suppose I am really

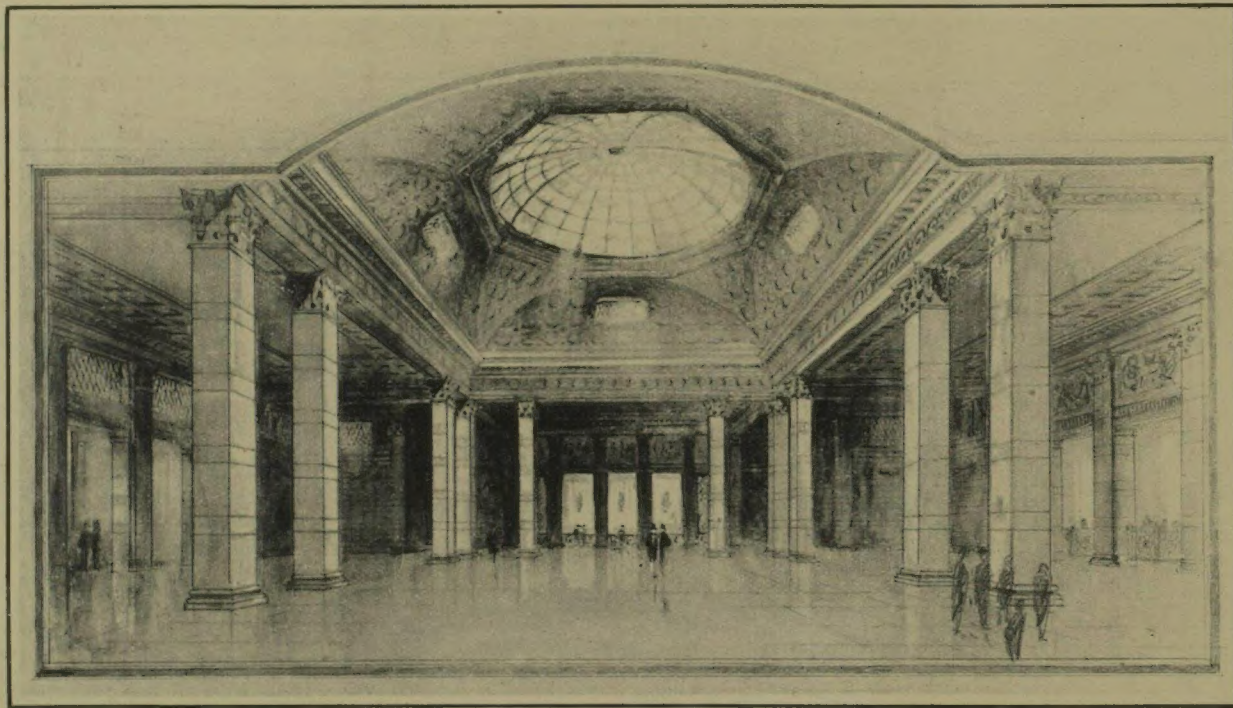
entitled to assume that he has offered me a drink. He has merely addressed to me in Greek (for all editors are learned men) a request equivalent to those mysterious ritual utterances I have heard in the form of "What's yours?" and "Say when." The editor would perhaps be a little surprised if I answered his request with effusive gratitude, naming my particular vanity, like Mr. Stiggins. But the ancient Greek symbol of philosophy is a very philosophical symbol. The wine drunk by the philosopher, as distinct from the water drunk by the cow, does stand for certain ideas of concentration or intensification that are among the sacred marks of man. So the wine is concentrated in the cup, while the water wanders at large through the meadows. And so even the most pagan of pagan philosophers seldom goes on drinking wine all day exactly as the cow goes on eating grass all day. His mind, however exalted, will tend naturally to measure and definition. It will tend also to this idea of concentration in time and place.

Prohibition, like every other form of persecution of the poor by the rich, is comparatively easy to engineer in the plutocratic modern State. For this

understatement. "Talk about the drug evil," he cries scornfully, "talk about opium, heroin, and morphine . . . the dope that is sending all America to defeat and destruction is nicotine, caffeine, and theine." I am sure all my American friends will be interested to know exactly what it is that is sending all America (all America, it will be noted) to defeat and destruction. Many must have wondered what it was that had defeated and destroyed them; some may even, in their bewilderment, have doubted whether they were really defeated and destroyed. But it is always interesting to know that rout and ruin on that scale can be let loose upon the land by drinking a cup of tea. Personally, I cannot believe that anybody was ever destroyed by an American cup of tea. I have known some travellers who were defeated in endeavouring to get an English one. One of them, a lady I know very well, said on first tasting the beverage in its modified American form, "Well, if that's the sort of tea we sent you, I don't wonder you threw it into Boston Harbour."

But even in the case of tea, it will be noted that where there is tea, there is tea-time. Where it really

exists as a beverage that can be drunk, it also exists as an institution that must be observed; and the name of it is not merely tea, but afternoon tea. This element of concentration in time as well as space reappears, as everywhere else in the human story. A certain stage in the slow descent of the sun, a certain line in the mathematical map of heaven that is traced in stars, a certain fine shade between afternoon and evening, is made and marked by the ancient human instinct even for the modern institution of tea. Tea is a libation to the sun in that quarter of heaven, to the gods of that condition of earth and sky, fully as much as Easter eggs are proper to Easter or Christmas puddings to Christmas. It is true that by the necessities of the case it has to vary somewhat with the seasons; and it will be found that the



THE "MECCA" OF LLOYD'S: THE MAGNIFICENT UNDERWRITING ROOM (TRADITIONALLY KNOWN AS "THE ROOM") AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE NEW BUILDING IS COMPLETED, WITH WINDOWS LOOKING INTO LEADENHALL PLACE.

In the new building designed by Sir Edwin Cooper for Lloyd's (further illustrated opposite), the great hall, or Underwriting Room, will be a magnificent apartment. "Let us call it," writes Mr. Walter G. Bell, "by the name honoured by long tradition at Lloyd's—'The Room,' as no doubt it will be immediately christened. . . . In plan it is an absolute square, measuring 160 ft. along each of the four walls. It rises through three floors . . . and then is domed in the centre, the dome being borne upon pillars. As necessarily the main building is carried much higher, the dome stands half-way in a capacious well. . . . The Room is, of course, to be the holy place, the Mecca, of all the habitués of Lloyd's."

By Courtesy of the Architect, Sir Edwin Cooper, F.R.I.B.A.

reason there will soon be, in all probability, a Prohibition issue in this country; and all who have any objection to their country making a fool of herself before all civilisation may be asked for their support. But I do not now deal with the matter in the more special and direct fashion, in the ordinary political problem of the pub. For the moment I will only remark that this strange movement certainly will not stop at such trifles as abolishing the wine that gave its name to the symposium of Plato or stultifying Shakespeare by saying that there shall be no more cakes and ale. Prohibition exists to prohibit; and when it is once started it will never stop prohibiting. In a Prohibitionist paper I have just received from the district of Boston, published under the very shadow of the University of Harvard, there is a long list of the things that are to be prohibited next. Smokers will be interested to learn that "wild fear and panic often seizes tobacco-users," and that this weed "gathers earth spirits round those enslaved to it." But this is only the beginning. To say that such things seem to the writer as bad as alcohol is an

institution takes on a slightly different tone in consequence. In that respect it resembles rather Easter than Christmas, and marks what is, in this merely light and local sense, the practical advantage of Christmas over Easter. Christmas is, quite apart from all its really important elements, the central and supreme example of this idea of concentration and fixity; because it is not a movable feast. Many excessive schools of lunatics have tried in vain to move it, and even to move it away. In spite of all sorts of intellectual irritations and pedantic explaining away, human beings will almost certainly go on observing this winter feast in some fashion. If it is for them only a winter feast, they will be found celebrating it with winter sports. If it is for them only a heathen feast, they will keep it as the heathens do. But the great majority of them will go on observing forms that cannot be so explained; they will keep Christmas Day with Christmas gifts and Christmas benedictions; they will continue to do it; and some day suddenly they will wake up and discover why.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

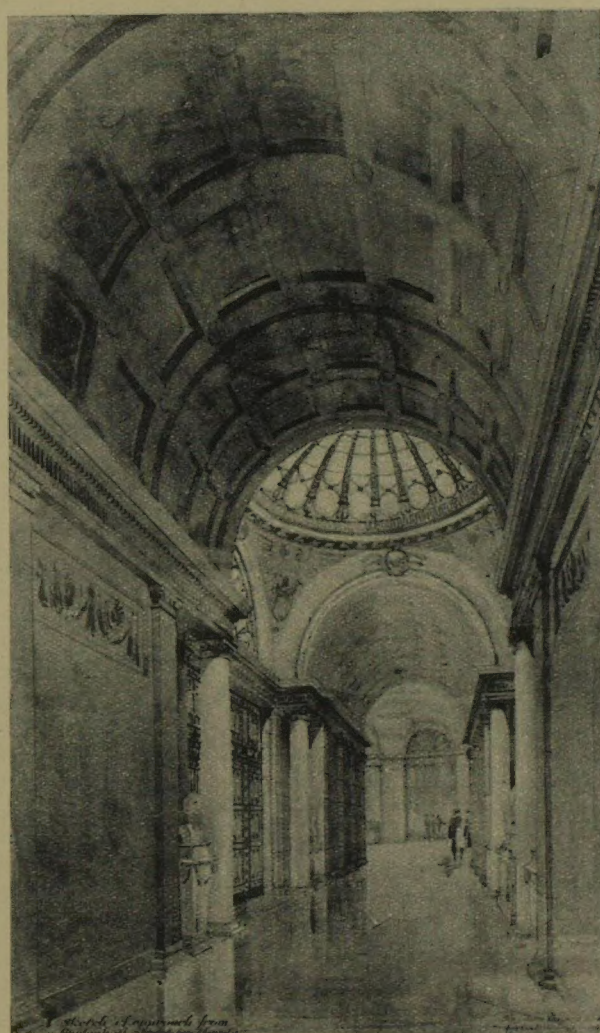
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 40, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

A NEW HOME FOR THE "HUB" OF THE SHIPPING WORLD: LLOYD'S.

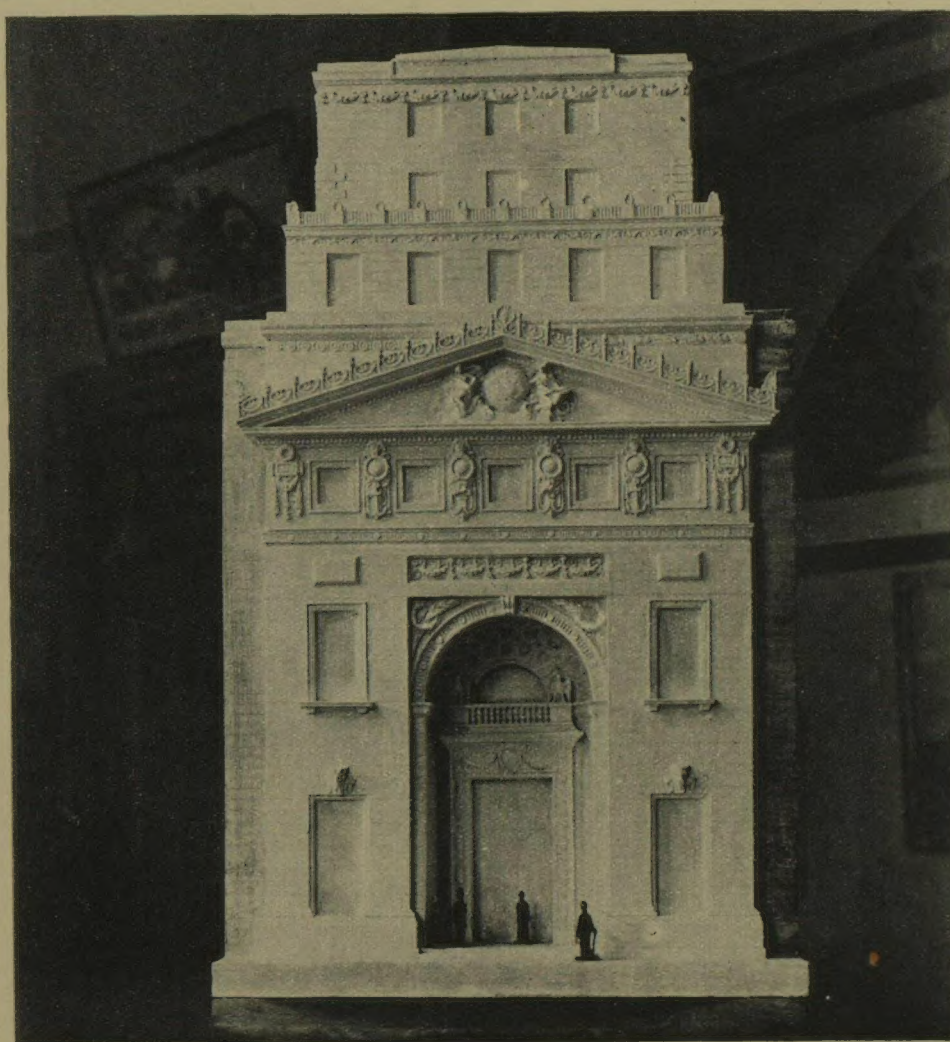
By COURTESY OF THE ARCHITECT, SIR EDWIN COOPER, F.R.I.B.A.



TO STAND ON THE HISTORIC SITE OF EAST INDIA HOUSE: SIR EDWIN COOPER'S DESIGN FOR THE GREAT BUILDING TO HOUSE LLOYD'S AND THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY—A VIEW FROM LIME STREET (RIGHT) AND LEADENHALL PLACE (LEFT), WITH LEADENHALL STREET IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



TO LEAD FROM THE LEADENHALL STREET ENTRANCE, THROUGH THE VESTIBULE, TO "THE ROOM": A WIDE CORRIDOR, 80 FT. LONG, WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR BRANCH BANKS ON EITHER SIDE.



WITH A DOORWAY 35 FT. HIGH AND 19 FT. WIDE, SURMOUNTED BY A FINE PEDIMENT ADORNED WITH SYMBOLICAL SCULPTURE: A MODEL OF THE MAJESTIC ENTRANCE TO THE NEW LLOYD'S IN LEADENHALL STREET.

The magnificent new building for Lloyd's, designed by Sir Edwin Cooper (the famous architect of the Port of London Authority's Offices) will also house the Royal Mail Steamship Company, and will form the largest single block to be erected in the heart of the City for many years. It is expected to be completed about two years hence. The main frontage in Leadenhall Street, part of which will be occupied by the majestic entrance to Lloyd's, will be 262 ft. long, while the Lime Street façade will extend for 372 ft. The great hall of Lloyd's, known as "the Room" (illustrated on the opposite page), will have windows looking into Leadenhall Place. Describing the design as a whole, Mr. Walter G. Bell

writes (in the "Daily Telegraph"): "What is almost an island site has to be covered, of vast proportions. . . . When a certain height is reached, it has been necessary to set back some storeys 20 ft. (to conserve light), and before the roof is reached there is another stage set back. . . . Sir Edwin Cooper has most cleverly found compensation by raising the heads of his angle staircases to the level of the flat roof, and these externally appear in the higher part as short turrets, combining the whole in unity. The effective frontages to Leadenhall Street and Lime Street . . . suggest a work of English Renaissance, marked by a touch of Italian scholarship. . . . The treatment [of the entrance] is classical."

A Great Journalist: Sir William Ingram.

In our last number it was possible only to give a very brief notice and a somewhat inadequate portrait of Sir William Ingram, as his death took place when the paper had practically gone to press. It may not, therefore, be inappropriate to publish in our present issue a more recent and representative portrait of our former Managing Director, together with a personal appreciation from the pen of one who knew him.—EDITOR, "The Illustrated London News."

THE name of Sir William James Ingram is inseparable from the history and development of illustrated journalism. He was the inheritor of a great tradition which he carried on with characteristic skill and energy for many years; and even after he had retired from business his interest in the enterprise originated and firmly established by his father, Herbert Ingram, the pioneer of the illustrated press, never flagged, and his successors could always count upon his judgment and ripe experience. Sir William was in every sense of the phrase a "live man," keen in everything he undertook, and his activities extended over a very wide field—journalistic, artistic, scientific, commercial, social, and, at one period of his career, sporting.

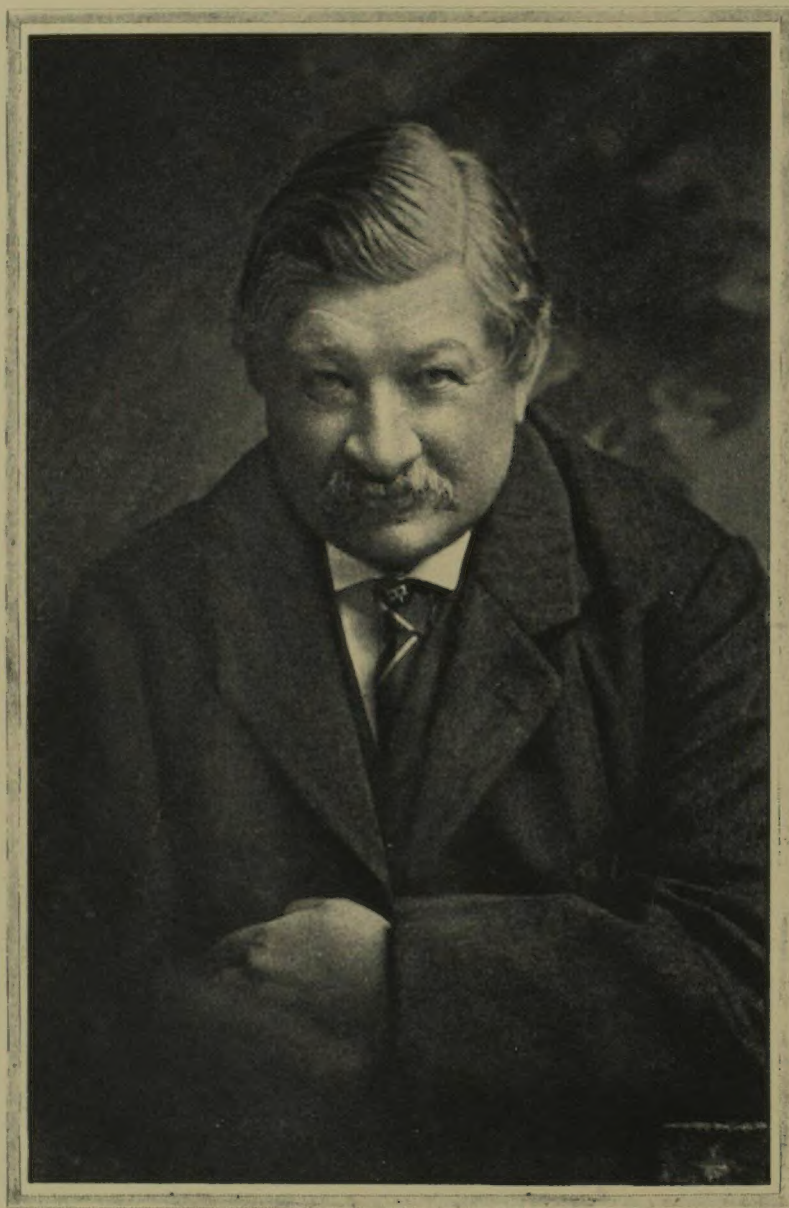
From his father he inherited those gifts of foresight and business acumen by which Herbert Ingram had brought *The Illustrated London News* into being and success, and had made it a national institution. When the time came for Sir William to take command, he extended the enterprise of the house in many directions, and laboured indefatigably to maintain and, if possible, surpass its former accomplishment. In this he fulfilled a promise made to the readers of this journal at the time when Herbert Ingram the First and his eldest son, Herbert, were drowned in a steamboat disaster on Lake Michigan (Sept. 8, 1860). In the obituary notice of Mr. Herbert Ingram it was announced that *The Illustrated London News* "would continue to be conducted on the principles and in the manner which its founder adopted and approved." In that spirit, but always in touch with the newer movements and requirements of his own times, the late Sir William in due course assumed the management of affairs.

At the time of his father's death, Sir William Ingram was a schoolboy at Winchester, and had still a long way to go in his preparation for active life. From Winchester he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with a first class in applied science, a choice of special study not without significance in the technical part of his later career, when he adapted the principle of the Walter rotary printing press to the printing of engravings. The introduction of the Ingram Rotary Machine marked a great advance in speed of production, and ensured the success of one of the firm's auxiliary enterprises, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, the lively forerunner of a type of journalism now familiar in other phases.

On leaving Cambridge, Sir William entered as a student at the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1872. He had, however, no intention of practising as a barrister, and he now devoted himself assiduously to the interests of this journal, of which he mastered the practical details in all departments. To promote its welfare he lived laborious days and nights. Twenty years later, when *The Illustrated London News* celebrated its jubilee, Sir William and his brother, Mr. Charles Ingram, who was long associated in the direction of the paper, could look back with satisfaction on a period of steady progress and solid achievement in the history of the first of the illustrated newspapers, which numbered among its contributors the foremost artists and writers of the day. Those twenty years had seen the revolutionary change from wood to "process" engraving.

War correspondence and the work of the war artist has always been a prominent feature of the policy of the house, and in the description of campaigns Sir William Ingram took the most vital personal interest. As a young man he witnessed the Communist rising in Paris and watched the progress of the Second Siege of the city and its recapture from the insurgents. He had a great eye for military

details, and his clear brain and marvellously retentive memory never declared themselves to greater advantage in professional work than during the South African War. He followed the complicated operations from day to day with a perfect grasp of the whole theatre of war; he seemed to know when, where, and how everything had happened, what regiments were engaged and what commanders; he had even the names of fallen officers at his fingers' ends, and he used his knowledge to check with the most minute accuracy the information, written or pictorial, that arrived from the front. Not in the handling of war news alone, but in every department of the paper, Sir William exercised a similar jealous concern for all that would make for excellence of material and production. In art his taste inclined towards the con-



SON OF THE FOUNDER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," AND FOR MANY YEARS CHIEF PROPRIETOR OF THIS PAPER AND THE "SKETCH": THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JAMES INGRAM, FIRST BARONET.

servative, and with the freakish developments of later times he had small sympathy. For this journal at any rate, the Managing Director considered true line and high finish of drawing essential. To the daughter paper, the *Sketch* (the starting of which, with Mr. Clement K. Shorter as Editor, was one of his most notable achievements), with its lighter note, a little frivolity might be permitted.

But journalism formed only one part of Sir William's extraordinarily strenuous life. His commercial interests were many and various, and for a time politics claimed a share of his energies. His father had been Member of Parliament for his native city, Boston, from 1856 until his death; and in 1874, at the age of four-and-twenty, Sir William was returned for the hereditary constituency, which he represented until 1880. He was re-elected in 1885, and sat until the dissolution of Parliament the following year. In 1892 he was again returned, and three years later he retired finally from Parliamentary life. He was created a Baronet in 1893.

During the comparatively brief period in which Sir William followed the Turf he scored at least one notable victory, when he won the Cambridgeshire with Comfrey on his fiftieth birthday. He was also

interested in coursing, and nearly won the Waterloo Cup with Ivan the Great.

Sir William was widely travelled, and viewed with a shrewd and observant eye the countries he visited, never missing any point that could be turned to journalistic use. He was a connoisseur of pictures and *objets d'art*, particularly of Japanese carving, of which at one time he had a very fine collection. In the sale-room he was a familiar figure. To Egypt and Egyptology he had given more than a passing study, and to his guidance and the interest he aroused during personal visits with his family to the Nile is doubtless due that attention which his son and successor, the present Editor, devotes in these pages to all archaeological questions, Egyptian and otherwise. Sir William was also a keen ornithologist: not only did he send

out collectors of rare birds, and present valuable specimens to the Zoological Society, but he organised and financed a special expedition to New Guinea to procure living specimens of the very rare and beautiful *Paradisornis Rudolphi*, or Blue Bird of Paradise. In the autumn of 1908 the first living specimen was brought to England and presented to the Zoological Gardens, where it lived for some time. Later, Sir William bought the island of Little Tobago and stocked it with Birds of Paradise, in the hope that they would breed there. The number of Birds of Paradise on the island has not decreased, although evidence of breeding is necessarily very difficult to obtain.

As an instance of Sir William's acute observation the following anecdote may be recalled. He had noticed that on the rocky coast beneath his villa at Cap Martin the countrywomen used to wash clothes in the shore-water. Reflecting that sea-water must surely be useless for laundry work, Sir William questioned the women, and learned that the water answered their purpose quite well. On this he suspected the presence of a hidden supply of fresh water, and, tracing the pools some way inland he at last detected the sound of a trickle within the cliffs. Workmen were set to excavate, and a plentiful supply of fresh water from a subterranean river came to light. This stream is now known as the "Source Ingram." Another lasting commemoration of Sir William's long residence at Cap Martin is the historical Château de Lascaris, Roquebrune, which he presented to the Commune of Roquebrune in 1921 "as a permanent memorial to the inhabitants who had sacrificed their lives for the sake of the future liberty of the world." The château is a good example of the mediæval fortress, and is in much better preservation than many of its period.

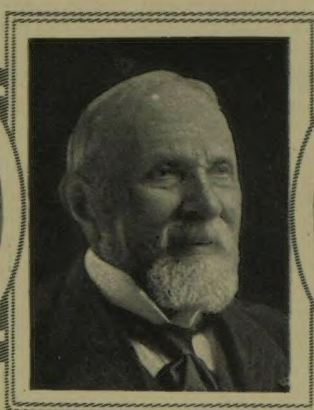
In the progress of science generally Sir William took a deep, practical interest. In private life he was a most interesting conversationalist. He had wide and varied stores of information on which he used to draw with a pleasant humour, which made him excellent as a host. Perhaps he was not easy to know, but those to whom he unbent discovered behind the alert and often combative man of affairs a very human and kindly personality. From these more intimate glimpses it was easy for even the comparative stranger to understand the charming comradeship that existed between Sir William and his sons. He was the best of husbands, having celebrated a month before his death the fiftieth anniversary of a marriage that was supremely happy; and he understood to perfection the art of being a father, knowing the moment at which the firm disciplinarian of early years should give place to the brotherly companion. He had a happy way with young people, and would keep children entranced with wonder-stories of his own weaving. Evidence exists to show that, had he cared, Sir William could have made his mark as a writer of the fantastic mystery tale. These lighter accomplishments he combined with great business capacity and a restless and indomitable energy which stood him in good stead when he came to build on his father's foundations. In this journal and its allied enterprises he felt that he had inherited an important trust which he was bound to maintain and extend to the utmost of his power. He left it stronger than he found it.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KEYSTONE, HOPPÉ, TOPICAL, BARRATT, AND ART-PHOTO SERVICE.



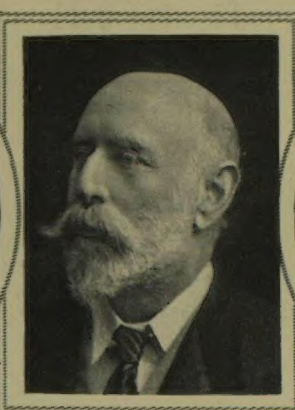
EXPLORER AND WRITER:
THE LATE MR. A. H.
SAVAGE LANDOR.



THE MOST FAMOUS MODERN
SWISS POET: THE LATE
CARL SPITTELER.



A GREAT INNOVATOR IN
STAGE DESIGN: THE LATE
M. LÉON BAKST.



A DISTINGUISHED ARCHITECT:
THE LATE SIR
WILLIAM EMERSON.



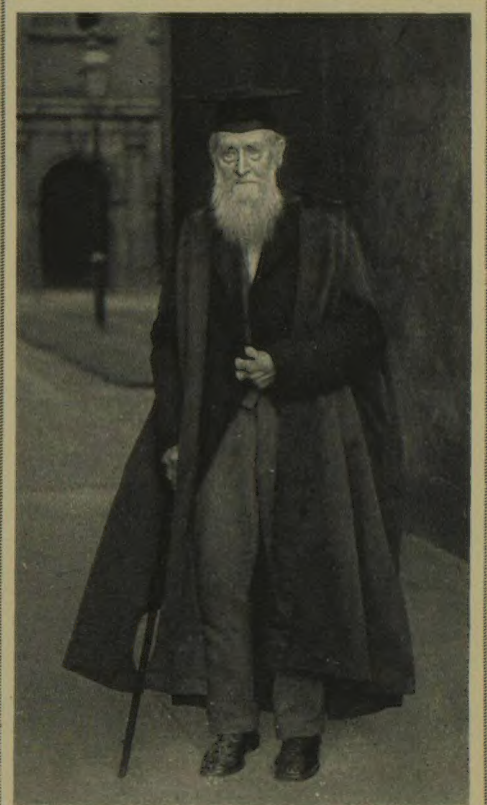
A NOTED JOURNALIST AND
POET: THE LATE MR.
T. W. H. CROSLAND.



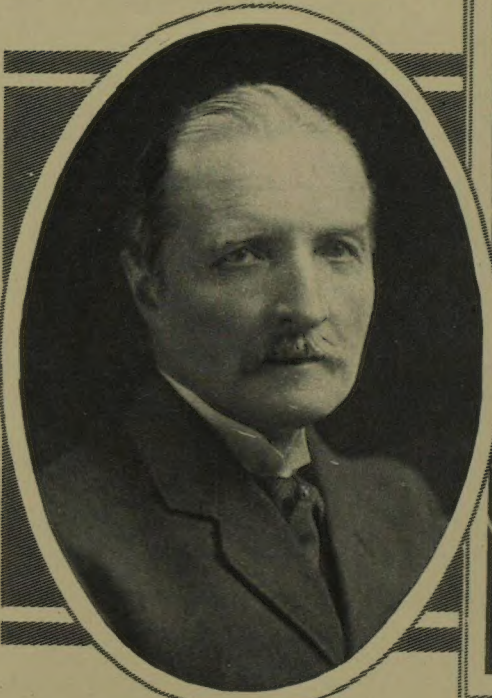
THE SPANISH NOVELIST WHO HAS PUBLISHED AN ATTACK ON KING ALFONSO:
SEÑOR VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ.



THE PILOT OF THE AEROPLANE IN WHICH HE AND SEVEN PASSENGERS WERE KILLED NEAR CROYDON:
THE LATE MR. D. A. STEWART, M.C.



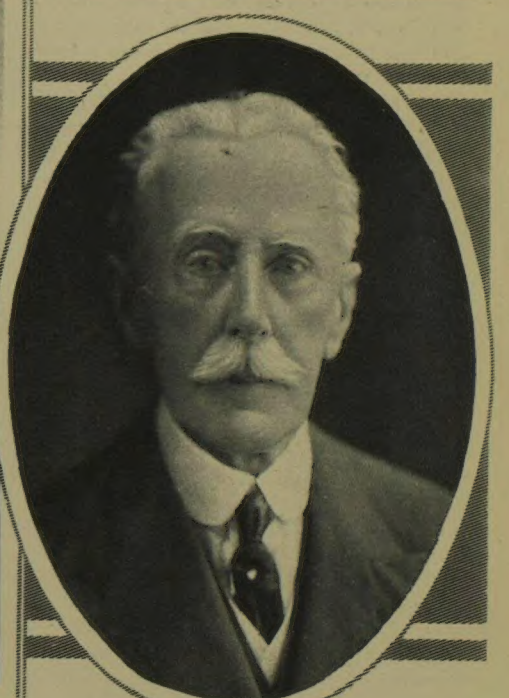
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AT CAMBRIDGE FOR 47 YEARS: THE LATE
DR. G. D. LIVEING, WHO WAS 97.



AN EMINENT CRITIC AND REFORMER OF
THE DRAMA: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM
ARCHER.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF MEXICO: GENERAL CALLES (LEFT)
WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, GENERAL OBREGON, ON THE DAY
OF INSTALLATION.



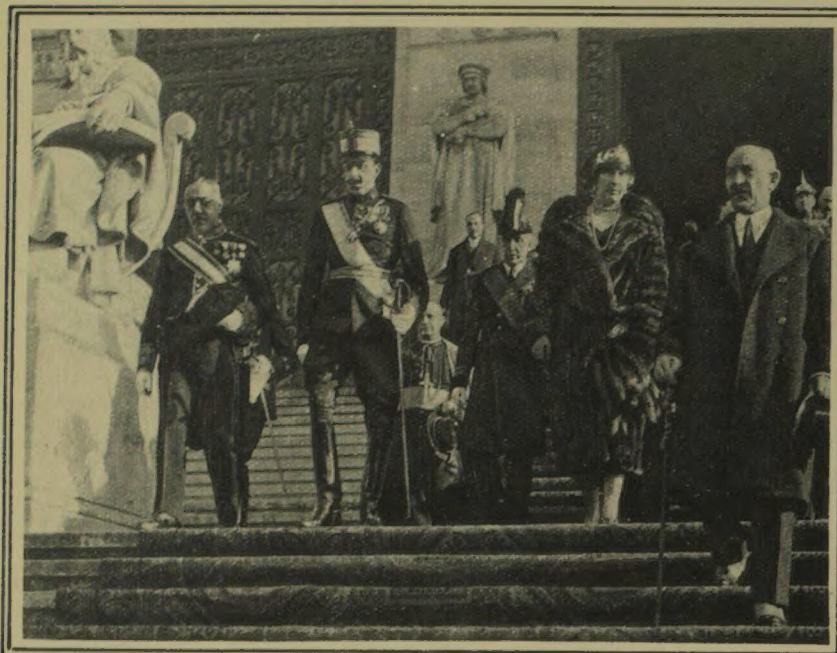
THE LAST BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO
RUSSIA (1910 TO 1918): THE LATE SIR
GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, travelled all over the world and wrote many entertaining books. He was also a painter, sculptor, and mechanical inventor.—Carl Spitteler, who was born in 1845, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1919. His chief work was "Der Olympische Frühling" (Olympian Spring). In 1914 he denounced the German violation of Belgium.—M. Léon Bakst, who effected a revolution in stage design with his scenes and décor for the Russian Ballet, was born at St. Petersburg in 1866.—Sir William Emerson, who was 81, designed many important buildings both here and in India, where his chief work was the Victoria Memorial Hall at Calcutta.—Mr. T. W. H. Crosland won notoriety by his combative satires, such as "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman," but he was also a

serious poet of no mean order.—Señor Blasco Ibañez, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," recently published in France a revolutionary brochure attacking King Alfonso. A film of one of his novels was subsequently hissed in Madrid.—Mr. D. A. Stewart was a Flight-Commander in the R.A.F. during the war.—Dr. Liveing was the oldest member of Cambridge University in residence, and was President of St. John's College.—Mr. William Archer was born at Perth in 1856. His criticism and his translations of Ibsen had a great influence on British drama. He recently made a success as a playwright with "The Green Goddess."—General Calles took the oath as President of Mexico on November 30.—Sir George Buchanan became British Ambassador to Russia in 1910, and remained till the Bolshevik Revolution. He left Petrograd in January 1918.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK : INTERESTING OCCASIONS FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, LANG (SHANGHAI), WILSE. P. AND A., CENTRAL PRESS, AND BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS.



RECENTLY ATTACKED IN A BOOK BY BLASCO IBANEZ : KING ALFONSO (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT THE BIBLIOTHECA NACIONAL, IN MADRID, TO INAUGURATE THE CAMOENS HALL.



ROYALTY IN THE HUNTING FIELD : THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE HENRY (LEFT) AT A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK, CHATTING WITH MRS. SEYMOUR, WIFE OF THE MASTER, AND MRS. BUXTON.



THE CENTRE OF ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATIONS AT SHANGHAI : THE NEW WAR MEMORIAL, WHERE MANY WREATHS WERE LAID.



THE CAPITAL OF NORWAY RE-NAMED : OSLO (CHRISTIANIA)—AMUNDSEN'S FAMOUS SHIP, THE "MAUD," LYING OFF THE OLD FORT OF AKERSHUS.



AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MUNICH WAR MEMORIAL : PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA (LEFT) AND THE CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT.



WITH A "PRINCESS" STANDING ON THE HEAD OF THE SEATED MONSTER : A PAIR OF CLEVER PERFORMING ELEPHANTS IN THE CIRCUS AND FUN FAIR AT OLYMPIA.



THE NEW MARCONI WIRELESS INSTALLATION FOR LIFEBOATS : (ON THE RIGHT) A CABIN CONTAINING THE COMPLETE APPARATUS AND AN OPERATOR AT WORK IN IT.

The King of Spain was recently attacked in a pamphlet by the revolutionary Spanish novelist, Vicente Blasco Ibanez, of whom we give a portrait on another page. The pamphlet, written in Spanish, was printed in France, and attempts were made to circulate it in Spain, where, however, it proved very unpopular. The fourth centenary of the birth of Camoens (1524-80), the Portuguese poet, was recently celebrated.—The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry were out hunting on Boxing Day with the West Norfolk Foxhounds, which met at South Baynham.—The fine War Memorial at Shanghai, the unveiling of which was illustrated in our issue of March 29, was the centre of the Armistice Day celebrations there.—Norway has changed the name of her capital, as from January 1, from Christiania, as it has been called since 1624, to the old name of Oslo, which

it bore for nearly 600 years (1047-1624). The Post Office requires that letters addressed to Oslo should bear the word "Norway," to avoid confusion with places of the same name in the United States. Oslo was founded by King Harald Haardrade, who fell at Stamford Bridge. It was destroyed by a fire in 1624, and Christian IV. built the new city of Christiania on the peninsula Akersnes across the bay, under the protecting guns of the old fort of Akershus.—Prince Leopold and Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria attended the recent unveiling of a war memorial to 14,000 Munich citizens who fell in the war.—The excellent Circus at Olympia, produced by Mr. Bertram W. Mills, is to be given twice daily until January 21.—The new Marconi wireless installation for lifeboats consists of a motor-generator, transmitting apparatus, and direction-finder.

GALE AND FLOOD IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, I.B., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



CAUSED BY AN UNDERGROUND STREAM RISING THROUGH WOODEN PAVING: FLOODS IN BELFAST HIGH STREET, SHOWING THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.



WHERE THE THAMES RECENTLY ROSE 7 FT. ABOVE SUMMER LEVEL BELOW THE LOCK: CATTLE IN FLOODED PASTURE LAND AT SHEPPERTON.



THE WORST FLOODS AT BRECON FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS: THE USK BECAME A FOAMING TORRENT—SHOWING THE CHRIST COLLEGE SANATORIUM ISOLATED AND HOUSES THREATENED.



THE SWOLLEN THAMES IN LONDON: THE RIVER RISEN ABOVE THE PLATFORM OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ABUTTING FROM THE EMBANKMENT.



WHERE THE THAMES ROSE 7 FT. ABOVE NORMAL AND SUBMERGED SMALL ISLANDS: MAKING FAST A WRECKED HOUSEBOAT ON A TRIBUTARY STREAM, NEAR HAMPTON COURT.



EFFECTS OF THE RECENT GALE ON THE SOUTH COAST: BIG SEAS BREAKING OVER THE ESPLANADE AT BOGNOR, WATCHED BY AN INTERESTED GROUP OF INHABITANTS (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND).

Serious floods arose in many parts of the country through the swelling of rivers by the recent rainstorms, while violent gales caused heavy seas to break over the front at various coast towns. The Thames overflowed its banks at many places and flooded low-lying land. Near Hampton Court and Shepperton, for example, the level of the river was seven feet above the normal shortly after Christmas, several small islands were submerged, and damage was done to houseboats. Near Egham river fish were captured in the ditches. At Brecon, in Wales, the river Usk was swollen to a raging torrent, causing the worst floods

experienced there for thirty years. The suburb of Llanfaes and the Christ College Sanatorium were completely isolated by the surrounding water, and houses on the river banks were in a perilous position. Ireland has also suffered, and in Belfast the lower parts of the city were flooded by an unusually high tide. At a point on the Great Northern Railway of Ireland, near Tassagh, an embankment subsided, leaving the rails suspended in mid-air for a distance of some thirty feet, and a passenger train was stopped only just in time, while on its way to the spot, through the presence of mind of a farmer.

A POPULAR PANTOMIME: "MOTHER GOOSE," AT THE HIPPODROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," TAKEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM DURING THE PERFORMANCE.



WITH THE CHORUS REPRESENTING TOILETTE ARTICLES—COMBS, MIRRORS, LIP-STICKS, AND MANICURE SCISSORS: MISS DOROTHY WARD (CENTRE, WITH ARMS RAISED) IN THE MOST SPECTACULAR SCENE—"A DREAM OF BEAUTY."



A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS MAKES HER PANTOMIME DÉBUT: MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AS JILL (CENTRE, IN FRONT), WITH A CHORUS OF CHILDREN AND OTHERS.



A DIMINUTIVE AND DELIGHTFUL COMEDIAN: WEE GEORGIE WOOD AS JACK, BETWEEN MISS ELSOM (RIGHT) AND MISS CLARICE HARD-WICKE AS MAISIE—(ON LEFT) SHANKS BROTHERS AS DONKEYS.



THE HANDSOME "PRINCIPAL BOY": MISS DOROTHY WARD AS ROBBIE, JILL'S LOVER, IN SCENE 4—"THE HALL OF GOLD."



LEADING FUN-MAKERS: MR. SHAUN GLENVILLE AS MOTHER GOOSE (LEFT) AND MR. FRED CONQUEST AS THE GOLDEN GOOSE, IN SCENE 2—"THE RIVERSIDE COTTAGE."

Pantomime of the traditional type and of excellent quality is to be found in "Mother Goose," the fourth of the Wylie-Tate productions of this character at the London Hippodrome. Miss Dorothy Ward makes an ideal principal boy, and among other clever members of the cast who contribute to the success of the piece are Mr. Shaun Glenville as Mother Goose herself, Wee Georgie Wood as her son Jack, Miss Isobel Elsom as her daughter Jill, Mr. Fred Conquest as the Goose that lays the golden eggs, and Miss Florence Saunders (of "Old Vic." fame) as Fairy Heartsease. Miss Isobel Elsom, who is the

principal girl, has never before appeared in pantomime. It will be remembered that she was the heroine of "The Green Goddess," the successful adventure play by that eminent dramatic critic, the late Mr. William Archer, whose recent death we record on another page. She made her début at the age of seventeen in "The Quaker Girl." Miss Dorothy Ward was only sixteen when she first played principal boy at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. She has since been seen in musical comedy, including "The Waltz Dream" and "The Cinema Star." Wee Georgie Wood, it may be noted, is a keen footballer.

DANCING MOVEMENTS "SNAPPED": THE NEW STAGE PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," TAKEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM DURING A PERFORMANCE.



DANCING A PAS DE DEUX AS PRINCESS AURORA AND PRINCE CHARMING: MME. NEMTCHINOVA AND M. ANATOLE WILZAK AT THE COLISEUM.



WITH EVEN THE FINGERS CLEARLY DELINEATED: THE SAME PAIR PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AUDITORIUM WHILE IN MOVEMENT.



DANCERS IN MOTION—CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: MME. NIKITINA AND M. ANTON DOLIN IN "THE BLUE BIRD."



PHOTOGRAPHED DURING RAPID MOVEMENT: MME. NEMTCHINOVA, AS PRINCESS AURORA.



A MOMENTARY ATTITUDE DURING THE ACTION OF THE DANCE: MME. NIKITINA, POISED ON THE TOES OF ONE FOOT, AND M. ANTON DOLIN, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE DANCING AT THE COLISEUM.



GROUPED AS THOUGH POSING IN THE STUDIO, BUT REALLY IN MOVEMENT ON THE STAGE: A PAS DE SEPT OF MAIDS OF HONOUR IN "AURORA'S WEDDING."



ARRESTED BY THE CAMERA DURING THE MOVEMENT OF A DANCE: MME. NEMTCHINOVA AND M. ANATOLE WILZAK.

A new departure in theatrical photography, by which actual performances are taken from the auditorium, has of late been brought to a high degree of excellence by the enterprise of the "Times." We have reproduced examples previously, but those given above are specially remarkable as showing how the actual movements of dancers are arrested by the camera, with results equal to studio poses. The lower one on the left, it may be noted, was taken during a *pas de sept* in "Aurora's Wedding," performed by seven principal ladies and seven principal men. In both groups each of the seven in turn gave a solo with the rest as supporters. A note supplied with the photograph says: "They were all taken

from a seat in the Coliseum during a regular performance of 'Aurora's Wedding' by the Russian Ballet. The picture of Mme. Nemtchinova, who appeared as Aurora, is remarkable, as it was taken whilst the dancer was moving quickly and balanced on one foot, by the aid of the stage lighting only. It will be seen that there is no movement of the hands or feet, which are clearly defined. To obtain this photograph it was necessary to work the camera shutter at the same speed as would be necessary to take this subject in daylight. It is interesting that this has been achieved with a British lens." The scenery for "Aurora's Wedding," it may be noted, was designed by the late M. Léon Bakst.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRY PLAY AS THE PREMIER CHRISTMAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," TAKEN FROM



"A WOOD NEAR
ATHENS": THE
DISTRACED
LOVERS—(FROM
LEFT TO RIGHT
IN FOREGROUND)
EYAKIED
(MR. LEON
QUARTERMAINE),
HERMIA (MISS
ATHENE SEYLER),
HELENA (MISS
EDITH EVANS),
AND DEMETRIUS
(MR. FRANK
VOSPER).



"COME, SIT THEE
DOWN UPON THIS
FLOWERY BED,
WHILE I THY
AMABLE CHEEKS
DO COY . . . AND
KISS THY FAIR
LARGE EARS":
TITANIA AND
NICK BOTTOM
(MR. WILFRED
WALTER)
TRANSFORMED
INTO AN ASS.

SHOW: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT DRURY LANE.

THE AUDITORIUM DURING THE PERFORMANCE.



SHAKESPEARE'S
FAIRIES IN THE
NEW PRODUCTION
OF "A
MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S
DREAM," AT
DRURY LANE:
TITANIA (MISS
GWEN
FRANGON-DAVIES)
SURROUNDED
BY HER TRAIN
OF SPIRITS.



IN THE PALACE
OF THESEUS: (ON
THE LEFT)
THESEUS
(MR. ALLAN
JEAYES) AND
HIPPOLYTA
(MISS MARY
CLARE), AND IN
CENTRE (FROM
LEFT TO RIGHT)
NICK BOTTOM AS
PYRAMUS
(MR. WILFRED
WALTER),
STARVELING AS
THISSE
(MR. H. O.
NICHOLSON), THE
WALL, AND THE
OTHER PLAYERS.

In producing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Drury Lane, Mr. Basil Dean has appropriately given it all the splendour of setting which the size and traditions of the house demand. It has been described as a "gorgeous medley of colour-schemes, lighting effects, flying ballets, and scenic transformations." Shakespeare himself could hardly fail to take delight in this elaborate version of his immortal fantasy, while the beauty of his verse shines through it all, and the power of his comic invention has an ampler scope. Nor does the magnificence of the scenery overshadow the excellence of the acting, for the cast is particularly strong. Such accomplished actresses as Miss Edith Evans as Helena, and Miss Athene Seyler as Hermia do full justice to the quarrels

of the bewitched lovers, with Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Lysander and Mr. Frank Vosper as Demetrius. Miss Gwen Frangon-Davies makes a charming Titania, and Mr. Hay Petrie is inimitable as Puck. Both he and Mr. Wilfrid Walter, who has also sprung into fame as Nick Bottom the Weaver, were formerly members of the Old Vic company. The other players are admirably represented by Mr. Frank Cellier as Quince, Mr. Alfred Clark as Snug, Mr. Clifford Mollison as Flute, Mr. Miles Malleson as Snout, and Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling. Equally successful are Miss Mary Clare as Hippolyta, Mr. Allan Jeayes as Theseus, and Mr. Robert Harris as Oberon.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ERMINE CAPES.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHEN winter is here, we may wake up any morning to find Mother Earth wearing her mantle of ermine—most of us probably hope we shall not. But the possibility cannot be ignored, and those of us who are interested in the study of Nature under this somewhat unfamiliar aspect should be ready to put to the test theories which are concerned with snow in its relation to the animate world.

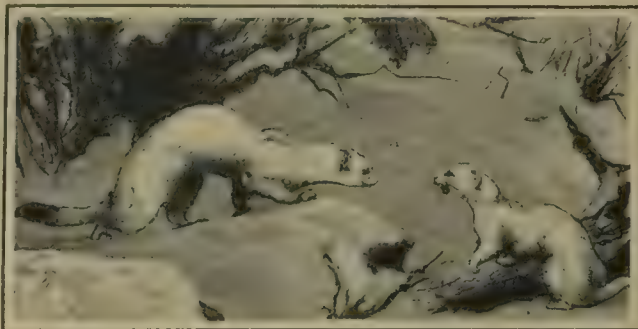
There is the effect of snow, for instance, on plant-life, and its more tangible effect on birds and beasts. Where the snowfall is intermittent, as with us in England, it may bring great hardship on seed and berry-eating birds at any rate, for these are unsuited to such conditions. There are, however, some beasts and a few birds which have become perfectly adjusted to live in areas which lie under snow for long months on end, as among our Scottish mountains and in regions further north. These are well worth studying, not so much in regard to the means of subsistence, which they evidently contrive to find, as in relation to their coloration under such conditions. This theme has been a fruitful source of controversy during long years, and appears likely to remain so, since so few of the would-be critics seem capable of appreciating the evidence before them.

To begin with, most of these snow-dwellers wear a mantle of pure white, and this to serve as "camouflage," enabling the carnivores to steal upon their prey unawares, and the prospective victims to escape being eaten. Those who object to this interpretation have none of their own to offer as a substitute, save that these creatures turn white in winter because it is "their nature" to do so! Or because they do so out of "sympathy" with their surroundings. They ignore the fact that the raven and the musk-ox never don this white dress. The raven has no enemies to fear, and he can find a sufficiency of food in the bodies of dead and dying animals, for he travels far. The musk-ox is not greatly harassed by enemies, and he can find a sufficiency of food even throughout the winter.

But it is surely something more than a mere coincidence that we should always find "protective coloration"—and it assumes many forms—so intimately associated with the vital interests of the animal thus protected. It is surely something more than a mere "coincidence" that the tiger, stealthily stealing through the tall grass stems, should be so striped as to merge him with his surroundings, while the leopard, hiding in the trees, should be spotted and equally con-

cealed in consequence. These two very different forms of coloration make their great bodies invisible as they creep, foot by foot, upon their unsuspecting victims.

The bears are all either dark brown or black.



CHANGED FROM BROWN TO WHITE, AND THEN KNOWN AS THE ERMINE: THE STOAT IN WINTER DRESS.

"The Stoat in its winter pelage is known as the 'Ermine.' Even in England white stoats are occasionally found. The tip of the tail is always black, but in the weasel, which occasionally assumes a white coat, the tail is not black-tipped."



JUST EXCHANGING ITS WINTER PLUMAGE FOR ITS BREEDING-DRESS: A WILLOW-GROUSE.

"By these adjustments at moulting time it is 'protectively coloured' throughout the year."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

They are not "protectively coloured"; they have no enemies to fear, nor do they need to stalk swift-footed prey; "locusts and wild-honey" supply their needs, flesh-food they will eat if it comes their way, but they are not dependent on it. Is it a mere coincidence, then, that the Polar-bear should form an exception to this rule? No honey comes his way. Hot, steaming flesh he must have, or starve. The land of ice will furnish him with no other food. But, thanks to his long white fur, he can lie up by a hole in the ice awaiting a seal to come up to breathe. Coloured black like his cousins, he would wait in vain for his dinner.

Again, if there is no "meaning" in the coloration of an animal, no direct relationship between the coloration and the needs of escaping enemies or securing prey, how is it that it is only in cases where coloration of this kind is obviously intimately associated with these ends that we find such adjustments? Our Scottish ptarmigan wear three different liveries during the year; and each harmonises with as many changing aspects of the environment. In the winter months the plumage is pure white, harmonising with the all-prevailing mantle of snow, and so affording protection from carnivores, four-footed and winged. In the spring, the dark mottled "breeding-dress" is assumed, again harmonising with the changed aspect of its bleak surroundings, but with no more than patches of snow here and there. Later, a mottled-grey plumage is exchanged for the darker breeding-dress. The willow-grouse of Northern Europe, in like manner, wears throughout the winter, while the ground is everywhere covered with snow, a plumage of pure white. In the summer it is hardly to be distinguished from our red-grouse. But our bird makes no such change. When the snow lies thick upon the moors the packs either migrate, or, as Mr. Abel Chapman tells us, they burrow down into the snow, and live in peace and plenty amid the heather under a protecting roof of snow.

The case for "protective-coloration" surely gains still further support from the fact that pursuer as well as pursued has to adopt the same device—

the one to enable it to hide when it suspects danger, the other to enable it to get within striking range when the victims are living in fancied security. The Snowy-owl and the Greenland falcon are both white in plumage, though this whiteness may be relieved by more or less numerous black barrings. In the immature Snowy-owl these barrings may be very marked, especially in the female—which seems to suggest that the range of this bird has extended northwards so recently that the evolution of the completely white dress has not yet had time to come to perfection. In like manner, our common stoat, in the northerly areas of its range, exchanges the brown pelage of summer for a white dress in winter—when it is known as the "ermine."

Finally, we have a curious and very striking story to tell of young seals: for the white dress which all newly-born seals wear has nothing to do with snow! This white fur is worn till they are strong enough to enter the water with their parents. With the Great Grey seal this event takes place when they are four weeks old. With the Common seal this pelage is shed *in utero*, or on the day of its birth, when it can take to the water. Clearly there is some connection between these facts. The sealers solved the riddle. They found, in the case of seals in the Arctic regions, that when there was an "ice-jam," preventing the adults entering the water at frequent intervals, the heat of the sun so blistered the poor creatures that the skin came off in shreds when the hand was drawn down the back. The white young were unaffected! White affords a similar protection to young grey-seals lying in the blazing sun of the Scilly Islands, where the adults can enter the water when they please.

An added interest and importance is given to this strange case of the seals by what obtains in the case of another seal, to wit, the huge Elephant seal. For this animal, when newly born, is black. But here it has to contend, not with an intensity of the sun's heat, but the lack of it. In consequence, black instead of white is worn. We have a parallel in the case of the developing stages of the common frog and toad of our ditches. The eggs of these creatures have a black yolk, instead of the typical yellow colour, while the tadpoles are also of an inky black; whereby they get the utmost possible warmth out of the sun's rays during the few brief hours of sunshine which there may be during early spring. If additional cases were needed they might be cited by the score. In a brief essay such as this it is impossible to do the subject adequate justice; but from what has been said here it should be apparent that the champions of this theory have a very strong case.



SHOT BEFORE GROWING UP AND BECOMING WHITE: AN IMMATURE SNOWY-OWL, UNUSUALLY HEAVILY BARRED—BACK VIEW.

"This is an unusually heavily barred and immature Snowy-Owl, which perhaps fell to the sportsman's gun because it was unusually conspicuous. It could only have hunted successfully within the southernmost limit of its range. Note that even the soles of the feet are heavily feathered."



THE SNOWY-OWL: A BREAST VIEW OF THE SAME YOUNG BIRD SHOWN IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH.

"The Snowy-Owl is a near relation of the great Eagle-Owl, from which it may be distinguished not only in its strikingly different coloration—pure white instead of a rich golden-buff—but also in the fact that the 'horns,' or erectile feathers of the head, are but feebly developed. In this breast view the barring is less heavy than on the back. The long feathers of the feet are well shown here."

GUY'S HOSPITAL BICENTENARY: TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF HEALING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A.



WHERE NEARLY HALF-A-MILLION ATTENDANCES WERE MADE LAST YEAR: OUT-PATIENTS IN THE WAITING HALL AND DISPENSARY.



WHERE OVER 100,000 ATTENDANCES WERE DEALT WITH LAST YEAR: THE NEW MASSAGE AND ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.



IN THE NEW £90,000 WING OPENED BY THE DUKE OF YORK IN 1921: THE SITTING-ROOM IN THE HENRIETTE RAPHAEL NURSES' HOME.



"BEHOLD, THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN": THE CHAPEL OF GUY'S HOSPITAL, WITH ITS INSCRIPTION FROM THE BOOK OF REVELATION.



THE LIGHTERMAN'S SON WHO AMASSED WEALTH AND SPENT IT ON CHARITY: THOMAS GUY—THE MONUMENT BY JOHN BACON, R.A., IN THE CHAPEL.

Guy's Hospital, one of London's four greatest healing foundations, will celebrate its two-hundredth anniversary on January 6, and (as further described on the succeeding double-page) appeals for £200,000 to free it from a debt due to the war. The founder, Thomas Guy, son of an Anabaptist lighterman and coal-monger, was born in Pritchard's Alley, Fair Street, Horseleydown, in 1644 or 1645. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a bookseller and bookbinder, and later opened a shop at the corner of Lombard Street and Cornhill. The business prospered, but his fortune was made by shrewd financial transactions. "The poor seamen on board the Royal Navy," writes Maitland, "instead of money receiv'd Tickets

for their Pay," which they "were obliged to dispose of at Thirty, Forty, and sometimes Fifty in the Hundred Discount." Guy invested largely in this traffic, perfectly legitimate in view of the great risk of the Government repudiating its liabilities. In 1716 stockholders in the National Debt were invited to take shares in the South Sea Company. Guy invested £45,500, and during 1720 his stock, bought at 50 or 60 per cent., was sold out at from 300 to 600 per cent. Next year he acquired the hospital site, and the foundations were laid in 1722. He died on December 27, 1724, just after the building was finished and a week before the first patients were admitted.

CURE BY OXYGEN, X-RAYS, AND ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT: GUY'S HOSPITAL—A BOON FROM THE SOUTH SEA "BUBBLE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A.



TYPICAL OF THE UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT OF GUY'S HOSPITAL IN THE MODERN APPARATUS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE: THE OXYGEN CHAMBER IN ADDISON WARD.

IN THE NEW MASSAGE DEPARTMENT INSTITUTED: LITTLE PATIENTS TAKE

GUY'S HOSPITAL AS A RESULT OF WAR EXPERIENCE: ELECTRICAL WHIRLPOOL BATHS.

WITH A CURRENT OF 300,000 VOLTS: THE X-RAY LAMP IN THE DEEP X-RAY THERAPY DEPARTMENT PRESENTED BY DR. WATT FOR THE TREATMENT OF INOPERABLE CANCER.



CONTAINING 81 DENTAL CHAIRS: THE CONSERVATION ROOM IN THE DENTAL DEPARTMENT, WHICH LAST YEAR TREATED 61,000 PATIENTS.

IN THE "ENLARGED DEPARTMENT FOR CURATIVE TREATMENT BY LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY": THE FINSEN LAMP.

ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS "AMAZINGLY SUCCESSFUL" IN CURING RICKETS: CHILDREN, WITH GOGGLES TO PROTECT THEIR EYES, BECOMING "SUNBURNT" IN ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT.

PROTECTED FROM THE 300,000 VOLTAGE RAYS BY A LEAD-LINED PARTITION: A NURSE OBSERVING DEEP X-RAY PATIENTS THROUGH A 1-INCH LEAD GLASS WINDOW.

The Prince of Wales, as President of Guy's Hospital, spoke in approval of the appeal for £200,000, at a special court of Governors held at St. James's Palace. "The appeal," he said, "coincides with the two-hundredth birthday of the hospital. It was on January 6, 1725, that the hospital, 'founded at the sole costs and charges of Thomas Guy, Esquire,' was first opened for the reception of the sick and infirm. . . . The hospital has never made repeated calls upon the public for maintenance—a policy which was endorsed by my grandfather, who inaugurated the Re-endowment Fund in 1896. . . . Had it not been for the war its purpose would have been achieved—the hospital's income, together with regular grants from other sources, would have enabled it not only to carry out its work free from debt, but to complete various building schemes which have now proved so expensive. . . . I wish the appeal every possible success." As explained on the preceding page, Thomas Guy made his fortune out of investments in the South Sea Bubble, sold out at great profit before the crash. Since 1895 over £448,000 has been spent at Guy's Hospital on new buildings and equipment necessary to maintain its efficiency, including, among many other

items, a nurses' home, new out-patient department, operating theatres, massage and electrical department, and a light and radiographic department. Towards this amount £344,000 has already been raised, leaving a debt of £104,000, besides which there is a deficit on maintenance of £52,000, and a debt on the Medical School (entirely rebuilt since 1896) of £40,000. Such was the state of affairs which necessitated the new appeal for £200,000. The apparatus in the Deep X-ray Therapy Department, illustrated above, was installed, at his own expense, by Dr. Watt, of Manitoba, for the treatment of cancer in cases where operation is impossible. The nurse in charge keeps watch on the X-ray lamp (which has a current of 300,000 volts), and on the patients, through a lead glass window three-quarters of an inch thick, and she is protected from the rays by a partition covered with lead weighing 121 lb. to the square foot. The ultra-violet rays, which are equivalent to artificial sunlight, are described as having had "amazingly successful results" in the treatment of rickets in young children. Those under treatment, who wear goggles to protect their eyes, become quite "sunburnt" from the effect of the rays.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

LOOKING back upon the publications of the year that has just closed, two librarians have remarked that 1924 brought to light many books that had a great temporary vogue, but scarcely any work that could be called a landmark in literature. Several books that seemed to take an extraordinary hold for a month or two after their appearance gradually faded out of notice, and before New Year's Day, 1925, they had become to all intents and purposes aims for oblivion: 1924 was, in fact, a year of sudden blazes and as sudden eclipses. Possibly the overwhelming number of new books and the speed with which they tumble over one another from the press, may account in large measure for this passing away of work that in a more leisurely age would have enjoyed a longer life. But, for all that, there has been nothing epoch-making. Amid much sound and meritorious writing, no classic is discernible; no new star of the first magnitude has peered over the literary horizon. The public has been tickled, but not shaken.

At this season I usually take counsel with two librarians in large practice: one of whom provides for a popular but very intelligent circle of readers; the other for a more exclusive and, in part, purely scholarly clientèle. Their reports on the books most in demand during 1924 have several interesting points of agreement. At both libraries the following ranked very high in scale of popularity—Ferdinand Ossendowski's "Man and Mystery in Asia," Mr. Shaw's "St. Joan," and in fiction Mr. Forster's "A Passage to India," Miss Mary Borden's "Jane, Our Stranger," Mr. Masfield's "Sard Harker," Mr. Baring's "C," Mr. Frankau's "Gerald Cranston's Lady," and Mr. Arlen's "The Green Hat." At the graver of the two institutions, "A Passage to India" had easy honours among novels, although even there more frivolous fiction had an undeniable run. At both, M. André Maurois' "Ariel" was widely read, but more largely in the original than in the translation.

Curiously enough, in the quarter where one would have expected a lively interest, Mr. R. H. Mottram's remarkably fine novel, "The Spanish Farm," which has just won the Hawthornden Prize, did not make a prominent mark, but at the more popular library it was in great request. Novels of the foremost prominence on readers' lists there were Mr. Galsworthy's "The White Monkey," Mr. Hichens's "After the Verdict," Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "The Little French Girl," Miss May Sinclair's "Arnold Waterlow," Mr. Walpole's "The Old Ladies," and, just at the close of the year, Miss Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph," which as yet shows no signs of losing hold; rather the reverse.

Other popular books of the year—I speak now less from special reference to library returns than from general impressions—were Mr. Aubrey Herbert's "Ben Kendim," Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey's "The River of Life," Lord Bertie's Diary, Lord Willoughby de Broke's "The Passing Years," Mr. Steed's "Through Thirty Years," Lady Richmond Brown's "Unknown Tribes, Uncharted Seas," Mr. Buchan's "Life of Lord Minto," Brigadier-General Morgan's "John Morley," Mr. Churchill's "World Crisis," Lord Ronaldshay's "India," Mr. David Masters' "The Wonders of Salvage," and Mr. Arthur Dasent's "Nell Gwynne." Novels that made a considerable stir were "Ordeal," by Dale Collins, and "Red Sand," by T. S. Stribling. Certain spicy, but not particularly valuable, society memoirs secured a large following; but curiosities of that kind are common to any year, and have no real significance. Among the historical works of 1924, the palm for importance, value, and permanence must be given to Huizinga's "The Waning of the Middle Ages—the Netherlands."

That the Hawthornden Prize should have been awarded to "The Spanish Farm" will be approved heartily by all who read and enjoyed that book. Looking back over these pages, I see that the novel was noticed here in connection with Mr. Shaw's "St. Joan," because "the play and the novel count kin in their portrayal of two women who, separated by five centuries, are symbolical of the spirit of France at a moment of national crisis. . . . Both were Nationalists, the earlier of them a pioneer of that enthusiasm, before it had found a name." Our notice of "The Spanish Farm" described it further as "a war-novel unlike any other war-novel, and a work of extraordinary merit, alike in idea and in handling." To which verdict, it appears, the judges for the prize awarded by Miss Alice Warrender have said "Amen."

The fortunate author, Mr. R. H. Mottram, has the great advantage of not being a professional writer. Outside of letters, he is a bank clerk at Norwich, and so he may claim a little place in the distinguished band of business men, such as Grote, Shorthouse, and Walter Leaf (the last still happily with us) who made literature their recreation, and wrote all the better on that account. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mottram will not be seduced by his success to join the sad cohort of writers who must produce fiction with clockwork regularity. It is so easy for the novelist who makes a good beginning to degenerate into a hack—the deadliest of fates.

Even the most promising tyro may only have told, and told well, the one good and poignant story that is said to be in every man's life. He may or may not have

more to say worth saying. Until he has proved his capacity, therefore, the newcomer does well to stick to his old last, and happy it is for him and for literature if his last has nothing to do with the Street of Ink. Mr. Mottram, one hears, has more to tell us about Madeleine Vanderlynden, and, although it would be very pleasant to meet that unusual heroine again, knowledge of the ordinary fate of sequels fills one with a little natural apprehension lest the Hawthornden Prizeman of 1924 should handicap his talent unduly. Be that as it may, all his admirers wish him well, and will rejoice if his next effort shows him moving from strength to strength.

From that story of a girl who was by descent Flemish, it is not too inappropriate a transition to turn now to M. Emile Cammaerts's beautiful book, "THE TREASURE HOUSE OF BELGIUM" (Macmillan; 21s.), a poet's account of Belgium, "her Land and her People, her Art and her Literature." "If Brussels," says M. Cammaerts, "is the epitome of the whole country, Belgium herself may be regarded as the epitome of Western Europe, as the meeting-ground of the Latin and Germanic worlds. It is not only on the map that the country occupies a central position on the main roads from France to Germany, and from Great Britain to Central Europe, and it is not entirely without reason that some Belgian enthusiasts have called

the works of the Flemish and Walloon painters and writers, he has traced at least some aspects of this original Belgian temperament which foreign rule has rather weakened than strengthened. "Belgian institutions, Belgian art and literature would not be what they are to-day if the country's development had not been interfered with. Endowed with a strong classical education, modern Belgium would not have been able to reconcile, as she did, and as she still does, her material and spiritual outlook. It is partly owing to her 'modern mediævalism' that she has succeeded in making her 'two worlds meet.'" M. Cammaerts indicates certain paths, diverse in origin, leading to the same goal. His only desire in writing this most attractive book "has been to point the e paths out to those who wish to travel not only along the easy highways of a foreign land but also along the steeper byways leading to its Treasure House." This ideal guide-book, which is free from all the disabilities and disadvantages of guide-book writing, is illustrated with many excellent reproductions from masterpieces of Belgian art, ancient and modern, and with many fine photographs of Belgian scenery.

Among the sumptuous art-books of the season, one of the very finest is devoted to a branch of applied art, and that most domestic in its uses. The subject is the delicate and beautiful craft of cabinet-making, and the volume is a biography of Thomas Chippendale, with which is included a minute examination of that great English cabinet-maker's methods and work. "THOMAS CHIPPENDALE: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, WORK, AND INFLUENCE," by Oliver Brackett (Hodder and Stoughton; £2 2s.), is a book first of all for the connoisseur, but it contains so much of general interest, so many entertaining sidelights on the social life of the eighteenth century, that it will be welcomed and enjoyed by readers who have no special knowledge of or interest in the higher carpentry.

Mr. Brackett has been most patient and exact in his handling of material, and, although he does not claim to have made any new discoveries of importance, he has quite rightly considered that it would be useful to bring together all the ascertained facts, which have hitherto lain scattered throughout many works of reference. These he has been careful to verify, so that he now presents a conspectus as nearly complete and accurate as possible of all that is known about Chippendale's elusive personality. There is an element of romance in Chippendale's career: he made his way to eminence from small beginnings; and, like most people of note, he has been the subject of many misconceptions. His famous catalogue, "The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director," for example, has been taken as exclusively typical of the Chippendale style, whereas the fact is that, after the "Director" appeared, he or his firm executed work which bore no resemblance, either in form or decoration, to these drawings. It is a mistake also to regard him as in particular a worker in mahogany. He was not more of a specialist in mahogany than any of his contemporaries; nor was he, except at the outset of his career, himself a working cabinet-maker. He was rather "the organising brain of a large firm, which, in addition to business of a smaller nature, carried out commissions in some of the most important country houses of England."

On the daily life of the cabinet-makers of the period Mr. Brackett has many lively and vocal documents to put before us. Not the least interesting and curious is an engraving by J. F. Martin (1779) representing "The Cabinet-maker enjoying his tipping-time." From this and other hints it is possible to reconstruct the eighteenth-century workshop, and advertisements of auctions supply details of the stock and materials ordinarily carried by these tradesmen. The usual conclusion that the older craftsman took more pride in his work and was more of an artist than his successor of to-day may not be altogether well founded; for Mr. Brackett points out that in the larger establishments there was much division of labour, and individual workmen might be held to the repetition of some small detail. Originality, however, certainly had its chance, and the eighteenth century, like every other age, produced both good and bad work. Both the idle and the industrious apprentice were known to that, as to all periods. Rough life prevailed in the workshops, and gave rise to scenes somewhat suggestive of the adventures of Benvenuto Cellini. If the purely technical part of the book is for the expert, the admirable illustrations will be appreciated by everyone who likes to look at beautiful and curious things for their own sake, however slight may be his special knowledge of the subject.

In filling up your fiction list for the library you will make no mistake if you include Mr. Stacy Aumonier's new book of short stories, "OVERHEARD" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), in which the Bordeaux detective, the ever delightful Papa Tolozan, makes a too-brief reappearance. He re-enters in "The Fall," a most powerful piece of grim irony. The volume also includes "The Friends," an early story mightily praised on its first issue, but at the time little read, perhaps because Mr. Aumonier was then not so well known. This neglect is rather a satire on the debt that successful authors owe to mere fashion. You are read as soon as people consider it social extinction not to have read you. Meanwhile, true criticism and appreciation sit outside in the cold. Yet one more novel of the moment you ought not to miss—Mr. Gerald Bullett's "MR GODLEY BESIDE HIMSELF" (John Lane; 7s. 6d.). Of its charms and whimsicalities I hope to speak more fully in a future article.



A GREAT SHOWMAN WHOSE INTERESTING MEMOIRS ARE APPEARING IN THE "SKETCH": MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN.

No one in the world of entertainment has had more varied and interesting experiences than Mr. Charles B. Cochran, or can relate them more amusingly. His memoirs are about to appear serially, under the title "The Secrets of a Showman," in the pages of the "Sketch," commencing with the issue of January 7. Mr. Cochran, who has known everybody of importance in the profession for some thirty years, has a great fund of anecdote and reminiscences about the many celebrities with whom he has been associated. To mention but a few, they include Sarah Bernhardt and Duse, Ellen Terry and Mrs. Langtry, Irving and Tree, Bernard Shaw and Arnold Bennett, Sir Harry Lauder and George Robey, Hackenschmidt, Houdini, and Carpenter, Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Queensberry. Mr. Cochran himself was born at Lindfield, Sussex, in 1872, and began his theatrical career in New York in 1890.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

their country 'the heart of Europe.' The author, for all his patriotism, has the judgment to add that this statement must not be taken unreservedly, for "Belgium is a small country, and some aspects of her life may appear rather parochial. But, in spite of this, she owes to her exceptional geographical position the combination of the two main elements which have determined the course of European history. . . . To travel through Belgium is to travel through European history."

No more charming cicerone for that journey could be imagined than M. Cammaerts. He is sensitively alive to every impression of his native land, and he writes with the feeling of a scholar, a historian, a man of letters, and an artist. He treats of landscape, Flemish and Walloon, of the great historic cities, of the life of the smaller towns, of the peasant, of antiquity, of the industrial present, of the Flemish school of painters, and he draws all his conclusions to a point in a final most suggestive chapter—"Modern Mediævalism." Here he outlines the formation of the original temperament of the people, which he holds to be the supreme test of a sound nationality. Through

IN THE LAND STILL AT WAR WITH THE MOORS: SPANISH DANCERS.

(FROM THE PICTURE BY LOBEL RICHE. REPRODUCED FROM THE COLOUR-PRINT, "MAISON DE DANSES [ESPAGNOL]," PUBLISHED BY THE MAISON DEVAMBEZ, 23, RUE LAVOISIER, PARIS.)



"MAISON DE DANSES (ESPAGNOL)":
SPANISH DANCERS AS SEEN BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

Spain has of late been associated in British minds mainly with her desultory war against an ancient enemy in Morocco, and with her new experiment in government by Directory. British interest in all things Spanish—shown among other things by a Spanish vogue in fashion—is largely due to the fact that Spain's monarch has a British consort, and that both are well known and very popular here. Only a few days ago this interest was intensified by the report that King Alfonso had been attacked in a book by the famous Spanish novelist, Blasco Ibañez, known to us as the author of "Blood and Sand" and "The

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Meanwhile, in Spain, the people go about their business and amuse themselves in their own way. As a nation, they love dance and song, and their dancers have the grave, statuesque beauty of their race. Of this particular picture, by a French artist, we know nothing but what the title suggests as to the type of entertainment, and even the place is not mentioned. We may recall, however, that when a company of Spanish dancers visited London a year or two ago, they were warmly welcomed and their art was much admired.



"O WHAT A PLAGUE IS AN OBSTINATE DAUGHTER!" THE COLOUR OF SHERIDAN'S COMIC OPERA—"THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

DON JEROME (MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR) FALLS INTO THE TRAP, AND PUSHES OUT HIS REFRACTORY DAUGHTER, DONNA LOUISA (MISS ELSA MACFARLANE), DISGUISED AS THE DUENNA, WHILE THE REAL DUENNA (MISS ELSIE FRENCH) PEEPS ROUND THE DOORWAY—
ABOVE (LEFT), LEWIS (MISS ANGELA BADDELEY), (RIGHT) SANCHE (MISS ELSA LANCASTER): A SCENE IN "THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.

Next to the wit of Sheridan's dialogue and the excellence of the acting—notably that of Miss Elsie French—Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of "The Duenna," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, owes much of its charm to the delightful scenery, costumes, and decorations designed by Mr. George Sheringham. Our picture shows the scene in Don Jerome's library at Seville (Act 1, Scene 3), where the irate father, determined to marry his daughter, Donna Louisa, to a rich Portuguese Jew (on whom the Duenna has an eye for herself), is tricked by the two women, with the aid of the servants. Don Jerome has ordered his daughter

to her room, to be locked in till she obeys his wishes, and has dismissed the Duenna, who had purposely allowed him to catch her taking a letter to Donna Louisa from her lover. The Duenna asks leave to go and put on her veil, and meanwhile Don Jerome sings the famous song about an obstinate daughter. Then comes Donna Louisa, disguised as the Duenna, veiled and weeping, whereupon her father, completely deceived, pushes her out of the house with insults, while the real Duenna peeps round the corner of the doorway, enjoying the success of the ruse, and two of the servants stand laughing in the gallery above.

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WHAT SURPRISED THE CHEF

Real Cream in Cream Soups

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed a noted chef, who was visiting the Heinz Kitchens, "You don't mean to tell me that you put *real cream* in your cream soups!"

His speciality was cream soups. His exclamation of surprise came when he saw the great cans of real cream, fresh from the dairy waiting to be made into Heinz Cream Soups.

"Of course!" was the reply. "What else?"

"But I never use cream in my cream soups

—or even milk. It isn't necessary. Nobody notices the difference."

He was told, however, that real cream was necessary for Heinz Cream Soups.

Doesn't the label say "Cream"?

When a Heinz Soup is called "Cream Soup" it is because it is *made with real cream*.

"Pure" means *pure*, and there are 57 Varieties of HEINZ *pure food products*.

NO PRESERVATIVES—NO ARTIFICIAL COLOURING

HEINZ **57** VARIETIES

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

Oddity Before Actuality: Four Eras of "Flight."

"THE HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS IN GREAT BRITAIN." By J. E. HODGSON.*

ON July 2, 1900, the trial trip of the first Zeppelin took place over Lake Constance. On Oct. 19, 1901, Santos Dumont steered his dirigible round the Eiffel Tower. On Dec. 17, 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright made their first flights on a power-driven aeroplane, at Kill Devil Sand Hill, North Carolina. Those are the three great dates of man's conquest of the air. Ages of effort preceded them—"first, the legendary and prehistoric era, with its tale of mythological and fabulous stories of flight, verging gradually into the historic, and extending to about the end of the fifteenth century A.D.; second, the period from the sixteenth to beyond the latter half of the eighteenth century, during which the practicability of flight was a matter of speculation and discussion, became the subject of imaginative romance, and was made the object of theoretical projects and not a few practical attempts; third, a shorter period dating from 1783, which saw the first limited measure of success in aerial navigation as witnessed in the discovery, exploitation, and ultimate discredit, of the 'free balloon'; and fourth, the period of the nineteenth century, which gave birth to countless endeavours to render the balloon as navigable in air as the ship at sea, and—in view of the apparent failure to do so—renewed attempts to achieve human flight by mechanical means."

1783: that was the year of the real beginning, when the brothers Joseph and Étienne Montgolfier, of Annonay, having in the previous November achieved their object with small paper bags inflated with hot air and having found a larger 'machine' equally successful, gave a public demonstration on June 5, "with a spherical balloon, 110 feet in circumference, made of paper-lined linen, which was inflated with common air heated by means of a fire, and ascended to about 6000 feet."

Four months later, J. F. Pilâtre de Rozier, the world's first aeronaut, went up in a captive 60,000-cubic-feet "Montgolfière," reached a height of some eighty feet, and remained aloft for four minutes and twenty-nine seconds. This, too, was in France; at the Jardin Réveillon, Faubourg St. Antoine.

But our immediate business is with aeronautics in Great Britain and Ireland: so to Edinburgh, in August and September 1784, when James Tytler, "a hack writer with some scientific attainments," pioneered by making two short "leaps" in a fire-balloon of his own invention, an affair of varnished cloth with a gallery below it for the carriage of the "pilot" and the hot-air-making stove. It may be taken, however, that his adventures and misadventures did not materially encourage those who believed, with the author of "The Air Balloon: Or a Treatise on The Aerostatic Globe, Lately invented by The celebrated Mons. Montgolfier of Paris," that the balloon would be of value for "communication in case of invasion"; for reconnaissance; "for ascertaining the locality of fires and the more speedy summoning of assistance; for meteorological observations; and lastly for affording to those suffering from 'asthmas and decays' the benefits of pure air at an elevation"!

Better fortune attended the first aerial voyager in England—Vincenzo Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, whose flight from the Artillery Ground at Moorfields, on Sept. 15, 1784, lasted for about two and a quarter hours and covered some twenty-four miles; thanks in the main to the fact that the lifting agent was hydrogen, the so-called "inflammable air."

After that came a number of "firsts." The "First English Female Aerial Traveller" was Mrs. Sage, who went up in Lunardi's balloon, with Mr. George Biggin in charge, on June 29, 1785—about a year

after Mme. Tible, "the first woman to go up in a balloon," had ascended from Lyons, as a passenger in a hot-air "Montgolfière."

The first English aeronaut was James Sadler, who was born in 1751, and made his first ascent on Oct. 4, 1784. The *Oxford Journal* commented: "Early on Monday Morning the 4th inst., Mr. Sadler of this City, tried the experiment of his Fire Balloon, raised by means of rarefied Air; Underneath was fixed a Kind of Gallery, provided with a Stove suspended over it for containing the Fire, so contrived, by a Movement, as to let in any Degree of

The dirigible had to be the next thing.
"To Montgolfier the Invention's due,
Unfinished as it lies,
But his will be the Glory who
Direction's art supplies."

Hence many a fearsome and futile contrivance. Enthusiasts ran amok and the strangest methods of pulling and propelling were evolved—among them, jets of hot air; horses working paddle-wheels; 'a bar of iron fixed horizontally to the balloon, and a magnet applied to the bar'; harnessed eagles, hawks, or 'perhaps strong pigeons would do as well'; and the successive firing of three-pounder rockets—one every seven seconds; and, of course, all sorts of variations of man, steam, gas, and electric power.

Pauly and Egg made what was probably the first serious attempt to build a dirigible balloon in England. The project was abandoned in 1817, but it is interesting to note in these days—when the gas-bags of a modern rigid airship of the R33 class (1920) call for the use of 825,000 pieces of gold-beater's skin, from over three-quarters of a million oxen—that "the main balloon was made of gold-beater's skin—the produce of 70,000 oxen."

After that endeavour followed endeavour; but, "over and above all other factors—whether theoretical or experimental, aerostatic or mechanical—the well-nigh countless designs for navigable balloons or airships which the nineteenth century brought forth were all foredoomed to fail so long as the essential question of a prime mover remained unsolved. It was not until the development of the internal combustion engine afforded to airship designers the necessary motive power, in a form adaptable to the purpose, that the dirigible airship became a practical achievement. That period was not much before 1890."

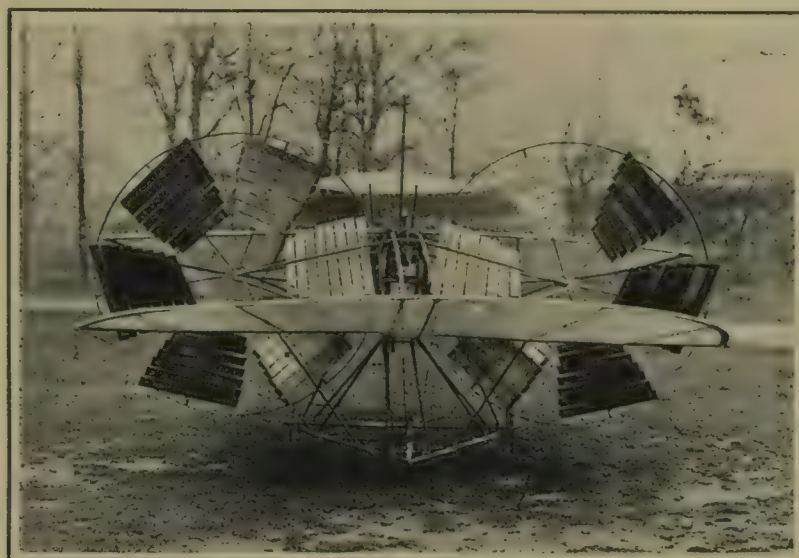
The dirigible, in fact, did not materialise as was hoped, and, as a natural result, those who retained their determination returned to the machine and to the flight of birds. The fantastic again fought with the practical—and out of the oddity came the actuality.

Man decided once more that he would take unto himself wings—and a tail. Crashes proved the absurdity of relying on muscular strength; and in 1809-10 "Cayley wholly discarded the ornithological, or muscular wing-flapping idea, and regarded flight from the purely mechanical aspect. Either the wings were small enough to be flapped with some rapidity, but too small to afford sufficient supporting surface, or they were large enough to approximately answer the latter purpose, but too large to be moved at any adequate speed."

Thence the diversion of thought towards the fore-runners of the engine-driven aeroplane of to-day, reconnoiter, "spotter," fighter, map-maker, photographer, bomb-dropper, troop or passenger carrier; seeming perfection that is still in infancy—the amazing product of the Fifth Era that began just over one-and-twenty years ago.

With that era Mr. Hodgson has not concerned himself, trusting to future historians. His it has been to deal with aeronautics in this country "from the earliest times to the latter half of the nineteenth century," and none could have done the work more assiduously or more entertainingly. Never for an instant does he flag in his effort or falter in his facts. And he is thorough indeed—in his general surveys of the early ideas on flight, the invention of the balloon, the navigable balloon, and the flying-machine; in his chapters on "Legend, Apocryphal Flight, and Romance," "Early Scientific Speculations," "Eighteenth-Century Chemists: the Discovery of Hydrogen and the Invention of the Balloon," "Early Aerostatic Experiments and Attempted Ascents," through all the following phases to "The Decline of the Free Balloon, and the Development of Aeronautical Science," "Early Attempts to Control Balloons and the Evolution of the Airship," "The Development of the Parachute," and "The Evolution of Mechanical Flight." His book will be a "classic" and a classic that does not remain on the shelf unread.

J. E. H. G.

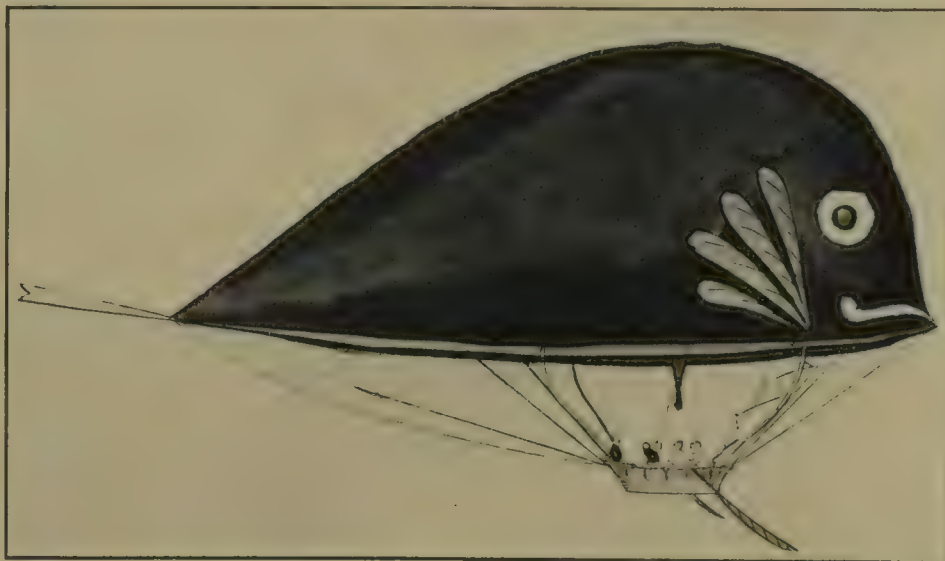


A MACHINE THAT ACHIEVED SUCCESS BY RISING FROM TWO TO SIX INCHES FROM THE GROUND! MOY'S AERIAL STEAMER (1875).

This large model was tested on a circular track round one of the fountains at the Crystal Palace. Its inventor was justified in claiming that "his model 'Aerial Steamer' was the first 'machine weighing 2 cwt. [that] had ever been driven by its own motive power by revolving planes impinging on the air,' and the first, also, to demonstrate the possibility of flying by steam, inasmuch as his three horse-power engine had lifted 120 lb., the total weight of the machine."

Heat for the Expansion of the Machine. The Process of filling the Globe began at three o'clock, and about Half past Five all was complete, and every Part of the Apparatus entirely adjusted. The enclosed air having undergone a sufficient Degree of Rarefaction, Mr. Sadler, with Firmness and Intrepidity, ascended into the Atmosphere, and the Weather being calm and serene, he rose from the Earth in a vertical direction to about the Height of 3,600 feet. . . ."

For the rest, this Early Fourth Period was one of much experiment and slight progress. Hydrogen



PROBABLY THE FIRST SERIOUS ATTEMPT TO CONSTRUCT A DIRIGIBLE BALLOON IN ENGLAND: PAULY AND EGG'S DOLPHIN, OR FISH-FORMED, BALLOON (1816-17).

Reproductions from "The History of Aeronautics in Great Britain," by Courtesy of the Editor, and of the Publishers, the Oxford University Press.

succeeded hot air, and coal-gas supplanted hydrogen; the galleries—or cars—took ever-changing shapes; methods of inflation were improved; the gas-releasing valve came into play; the trail rope was employed; ballast was better, more scientifically distributed; the possible value of the balloon in war-time, for reconnaissance and for bomb-dropping, was canvassed; the danger of descents was lessened—but the balloon remained uncontrollable, so far as direction was concerned, despite the provision in certain cases of oars and sails! And, worse, it became a mere spectacle, a sight and an amusement so commonplace that public interest in it failed.

in his chapters on "Legend, Apocryphal Flight, and Romance," "Early Scientific Speculations," "Eighteenth-Century Chemists: the Discovery of Hydrogen and the Invention of the Balloon," "Early Aerostatic Experiments and Attempted Ascents," through all the following phases to "The Decline of the Free Balloon, and the Development of Aeronautical Science," "Early Attempts to Control Balloons and the Evolution of the Airship," "The Development of the Parachute," and "The Evolution of Mechanical Flight." His book will be a "classic" and a classic that does not remain on the shelf unread.

* "The History of Aeronautics in Great Britain from the Earliest Times to the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century." By J. E. Hodgson. With 150 Illustrations from Contemporary Sources, Chronology, Bibliography, etc. (Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford; £4 4s. net.)

BEHIND THE SCENES IN "CINEMA-LAND": THE MECHANICS OF FILM ILLUSIONS.

By JOHN ANSON FORD.

WHEREAS the cinema began as a silent imitation of the "spoken drama," the outstanding feature of its development has been that, as a new and distinct art, it is getting farther and farther away from the principles and technique of the spoken drama. It is in a class by itself, and cannot be compared with the legitimate stage any more than a drama in book form, or a drama heard over the radio, can be compared with the spoken and acted drama.

This distinctiveness, this development of a technique all its own, is nowhere more strikingly shown than in Hollywood, California, provided one has the *entrée* to those centres of production, the scores of studios whose doors are being opened with increasing reluctance to the public: for spectators are an impediment in any manufacturing plant, whether it be a factory for making high explosive shells or a "lot" devoted to visualising great dramatic themes. Particularly are producers and managers reluctant to admit wielders of the pen, for of late this cult, to which it is the writer's fortune to belong, have not been altogether kind in their treatment of Hollywood.

But—if a personal word will be pardoned—the writer, having been a resident of Hollywood for some years, is treated with a considerable amount of confidence by the folks of studio-land, and this attitude of trust prompts me to say that this film "capital" has been sorely misrepresented. Even in gathering the material for such an article as this one, it becomes apparent, to any candid observer, that writers have been intent on selecting only the sordid and sensational, and depicting it as the true Hollywood. I hold no brief for the evil-doing and the evil-minded in this lovely California community, and I frankly regret the necessity of admitting that evil does exist. But I regret even more that the fine, clean, wholesome aspiration of a great body of earnest cinema people has been so grossly misrepresented by portraying the actions of a blatant, perverted few.

One cannot view the creative ingenuity of cinema-land without realising that there is not only much remarkable ability in this new art, but a large constituency of hard-working, clear-thinking individuals. Their interest is in their art, and they are straining every nerve, devoting every bit of energy and ability, to advance that art.

Take "The Courtship of Miles Standish," produced by Charles Ray, as an example. Here was not only portrayed a fine appreciation of a classic in which both British and Americans have an interest, but also surprising cleverness was shown. "The Mayflower," as an artistic reproduction and as a mechanical triumph, is a remarkable piece of work.

Since the purpose of this article is to give a few brief glimpses of cinema cleverness as revealed "behind the scenes," we will avoid artistic criticism, and suggest briefly various devices employed in giving the desired optical effects to cinema audiences. The *Mayflower* referred to, despite its majestic riding of the waves, is a bottomless craft built around a powerful steel frame. The latter rests on a pivot, which, in turn, rests on a concrete pier. By means of cams and steam-driven cog-wheels the great craft can be made to rock and roll in its acre of artificial lake in a

most realistic manner. Storm scenes terrifyingly real, showing "close-ups" of Puritans battling with the elements, were produced on duplicate sections of the *Mayflower's* decks. Each section was itself mounted on a pivot, so that it could be made to sway and toss in the storm. Each section, also, was surrounded by numerous large tanks of water, having trap-doors. By means of these doors the constantly filling tanks were repeatedly emptied on the hapless actors below. Of course, all of this apparatus was out of range of the camera's "vision." The illusion of deck-sweeping

trees hung with real or artificial leaves and branches. Behind these is erected a giant drop or canvas painting, depicting in proper proportion a forest background. Special care is given to photographic lights and colour values to be sure that the foreground and background photograph in the same way, so far as lights and shades go.

Such a production as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" calls for the services of many skilled sculptors, among other things. These men are real artists; but, instead of producing the façade of Notre Dame Cathedral entire, they confine their efforts to casts which will be visible from the standpoint of the camera. Not even the whole of the façade was produced. Instead, the upper portion was painted in miniature on a sheet of glass. This bit of property was erected in front of the camera at a point where it appeared, when viewed through the lens, to match up perfectly with the set (the lower portion of the façade) where the actors were located. However, since certain scenes required the Hunchback to climb about the pillars of the upper portion of the façade, that section was also built separately, full size. It was erected on a steep hillside, so that the camera could be set beneath it and pointed upward at a sharp angle, thus giving the spectator the illusion of looking up toward a portion of the great cathedral front. It was cheaper to build these two sets and paint the glass in this way than try and build them all in one.

Surprising cleverness is often displayed in such details as the manufacture of "antique" furniture. The old, brownish look of an oak table is produced with suitable stains and a blow-torch, the latter burning and charring certain portions of the pine construction so that it looks like a veritable antique of oak or mahogany.

Of very considerable interest is the apparent cleverness and versatility displayed by animals in films. Joe Martin, a venerable monkey often featured in films, is indeed an exceedingly clever animal. I have seen him riding down the streets of Los Angeles beside his master, lighting a cigarette and puffing it as nonchalantly as any dandy. But most of his "acting" requires almost "step-by-step" directing. The spectator can be sure that Joe's master is just a few feet away guiding the monkey's every act throughout his appearance. The same holds true of the much-admired dog, Strongheart, whose screen appearance has excited much admiration. That he is a fine, capable dog there can be no doubt; but it is equally true that he does not possess half the intelligence and acumen with which audiences are wont to invest him. He does possess a clever trainer.

Lions are much used in the cinema studios. One individual makes a business of training them near Hollywood, and has no fewer than forty specimens of the king of beasts. This veteran trainer will assure you in a most convincing manner that lions are neither brave nor dangerous. His contention is that they are cowardly by nature; that they will not fight unless cornered or starved; that kindness will make them catlike in their gentleness. Perhaps this accounts for the daring manner in which beauties of the screen appear in cages with these kings of beasts.



HOW A FILM PHOTOGRAPHER PRESENTS EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE ACTORS: FOLLOWING PLAYERS IN A "CAVE-MAN" COMEDY WITH A CAMERA MOUNTED ON A WHEELED PLATFORM.

From an Illustration in "Popular Mechanics" (Chicago).

waves and driving rain was further emphasised by wind-machines which hurled bushels of moth balls across the decks and against the actors. All in all, the effect was amazingly real. (The moth balls simulated hail and photographed well.)

Comparable to it in many ways is the scene in "The Ten Commandments" depicting the crossing of the Red Sea by the fleeing Israelites. The spectator sees with his own eyes great walls of water held back while the Chosen People march through dry-shod. Few in the audiences realise that this is a clever double-



ONE METHOD OF KEEPING A CHARACTER IN A RUSHING MOTOR-CAR IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE: A FILM CAMERA MOUNTED ON THE BONNET, WITH A PLATFORM FOR THE OPERATOR.

From an Illustration in "Popular Mechanics" (Chicago).

exposure (explained by diagrams in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 6 last). The water scene is produced in miniature, and consists of a jelly-like substance used to represent the water of the Red Sea held back in perpendicular walls.

Snow-scenes and backgrounds of deep forests offer other opportunities for the ingenious imitator. Powdered marble is used in great quantities to produce snow effects. However, the curious investigator will usually find that the snow banks are chiefly dirt or lumber, except for a thin outer coating of dust. Deep forests are imitated by a foreground of artificial

FILM SCENERY: A CITY OF "SETS"; MOUNTAINS PAINTED ON GLASS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY HOAG AND FORD (LOS ANGELES), AND FRED G. JOFF.



INCLUDING THE FRONT OF NOTRE DAME (RIGHT BACKGROUND) AND SCENES FROM "FOOLISH WIVES," "MERRY-GO-ROUND," AND "A LADY OF QUALITY":
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA—A STRANGE CONGLOMERATION OF FILM "SETS" IN EVERY STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.



A SKILFUL BLEND OF NATURE AND "GLASS WORK": A FILM SCENE OF LOVERS KNEELING BEFORE A WAYSIDE CRUCIFIX, PART OF THE SURROUNDINGS
BEING REAL, AND PART PAINTED IN MINIATURE ON A SHEET OF GLASS—A PUZZLE FOR OUR READERS TO FIND THE DIVIDING LINE.

The cinema, as Mr. J. A. Ford points out in his article on the opposite page, has developed a technique and stage-craft all its own, which is becoming more and more distinct from that of the "legitimate" stage. He lets us into the secrets of many of the wonderful effects produced on the screen, a subject that has interested London recently, through the astonishing feats performed by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Baghdad" (illustrated in our issue of September 27). The upper photograph on this page is described as "a bird's-eye view of one of the strangest communities in the world, Universal City, showing some

of the hundreds of 'sets' used in cinema pictures which have gone round the world. Here every conceivable kind of architecture is to be found, mingled indiscriminately." In the right background can be seen the reproduction in full size of the lower portion of the façade of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Mr. Ford mentions in his article that the upper portion of the façade of Notre Dame "was painted in miniature on a sheet of glass." This method, of which the lower photograph on this page is a good example, is a device often used in the production of film scenery.

BEHIND THE "SCREENS": FILM STAGE-CRAFT; AND "MOVING ACCIDENTS" DEvised BY THE "HOT-DOG" ENGINEER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY HOAG AND FORD (LOS ANGELES).

FRED G. JOFF, AND "POPULAR MECHANICS" (CHICAGO).



A "BOTTOMLESS CRAFT BUILT AROUND A POWERFUL STEEL FRAME" PIVOTED ON A CONCRETE PIER AND MADE TO ROCK AND ROLL IN AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE: THE REALISTIC "MAYFLOWER."



HOW THE APPROACH OF A CAVALRY REGIMENT IS FILMED FROM IN FRONT: THE OPERATOR WORKING HIS CAMERA FROM THE BACK OF A MOTOR-CAR (A VEHICLE UNKNOWN AT THE PERIOD OF THE FILM).



SHOWING A DUMMY HEROINE ON THE ROCKS CLOSE TO THE EXPLOSION, AFTER WHICH THE REAL HEROINE TAKES THE DUMMY'S PLACE: A BIG BANG THAT WIPE OUT THE VILLAINS OF THE PIECE.



NOTHING BUT FLASH-POWDER, BUT PRODUCING THE EFFECTS OF A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION: AN AWE-INSPIRING SCENE IN A FILM PLAY RENDERED BY A SIMPLE DEVICE.



A BLEND OF NATURE AND ART: A MOUNTAIN-SIDE SCENE IN A STUDIO, COMPOSED OF REAL ROCKS, SOIL, AND BROKEN GRANITE, SMALL TREES TRANSPLANTED, LARGE ARTIFICIAL TREES, AND A PAINTED BACKGROUND.



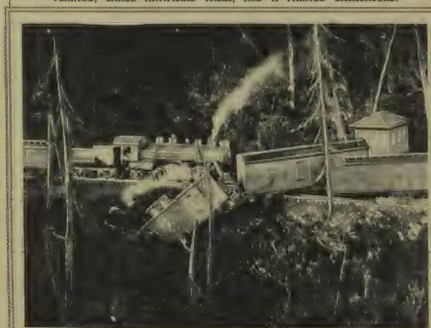
WITH POWDERED MARBLE FOR SNOW AND SOME OF THE BRANCHES MADE OF PAPER-MACHE: A SNOW SCENE FROM LONGFELLOW'S "COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH," WITH A CABIN OF REAL LOGS AND REAL LEAVES.



"BETWEEN THE ACTS" ON THE FILM STAGE: ONE OF CHARLES RAY'S LARGE INDOOR STUDIOS FITTED UP AS AN OUTDOOR SPRING SCENE (CHANGED TO WINTER IN THE NEXT PHOTOGRAPH).



"IF WINTER COMES, CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?": THE SAME SCENE (AS IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) GIVEN A WINTRY ASPECT WITH "SNOW" OF POWDERED MARBLE AND A PAINTED BACKGROUND.



PRODUCED WITH TOY TRAINS AND PLASTER SCENERY CONSTRUCTED ON A TABLE: A FILM PHOTOGRAPH OF A RAILWAY "DISASTER," TAKEN IN MINATURE AND ENLARGED FOR THE SCREEN.



REAL ENOUGH FOR THE ACTORS DRENCHED WITH WATER HURLED FROM TANKS, AND FACING THE BLAST OF A WIND-MACHINE WITH A HAIL OF MOTH-BALLS: A STORM AT SEA ABOARD THE "MAYFLOWER."



HOW AN AEROPLANE "IN FLIGHT" IS FILMED ON THE GROUND: THE MACHINE SET ON A STAGING AND PHOTOGRAPHED AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SKY AFTER THE PROPELLER HAS BEEN GIVEN A WHIRL.



ANOTHER METHOD OF FILMING AN AEROPLANE "IN FLIGHT" (WITH A HAIR-RAISING STRUGGLE IN PROGRESS ON IT): THE MACHINE SUSPENDED BY WIRES (FAINTLY SEEN ABOVE THE PROPELLER) AND PAINTED LAND BELOW.

We have already illustrated (in our issue of October 27, 1923) the secrets of the hair-raising film stunts performed by the "human fly," who climbs the face of sky-scrapers (built horizontally in the studio) with his apparently perilous antics on their roofs, and various other film tricks in our issue of January 5, 1924, while in that of December 6 last we illustrated the means by which the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea was screened for "The Ten Commandments" and "Moon of Israel." Mechanical devices were also used for the marvellous antics of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Baghdad" (illustrated in our issue of September 27 last). Here and elsewhere in the present number we reveal the secrets of many other marvels of the film, such as explosions, railway disasters, and storms at sea. They are further explained in an interesting article on page 24, by Mr. J. A. Ford, who among other things describes fully the mechanism of the "Mayflower," built for a film version of Longfellow's poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish." An article on film stage-craft, in "Popular Mechanics," says: "The 'hot-dog' engineer, as he is called in and about the studios, directs the erection of huge structures on the 'lot,' or supervises the construction

of miniature scenes in his laboratory with a mathematical perfection that insures a perfect 'stage' to the performers who enact the plays. In producing great disasters on sea and land for the movies, the engineer avoids the dangers and expenses of actually staging such scenes with life-size material, by resorting to the employment of toy-sized objects and landscapes. Some of the most realistic marine catastrophes seen on the screen are the result of carefully placed cameras and tiny vessels propelled across small tanks of agitated water. Close attention is paid to every detail of the action, in order to imitate as nearly as possible the characteristic roll of ships and the heavy swells of the sea. The camera used for these scenes is of a special rapid type that takes five pictures to the one of ordinary machines. . . . When a dam is planned to burst and cause great volumes of water to sweep away railroad bridges, houses and log jams, vivid productions can be arranged by the artisans with miniature landscape models, using 'dolls' moved by hidden-strings to represent people being overtaken by the rush of 'mighty waters' that are poured into the beds of tiny streams."

The "All Blacks" and Their Methods.

By MAJOR LEONARD R. TOSSWILL (English International).

MANY people seem to have an idea that the success of the New Zealand Rugby team is due to new methods with which we in this country are unfamiliar; it has even been suggested that there is some secret in their play which we have failed to fathom. The truth is that their methods differ from our own only in the adaptation of their style of play to the grouping of their players.

To put this in its simplest form, the New Zealand team consists of seven forwards and eight backs, while teams in Great Britain are composed of eight forwards and seven backs. At first sight this does not appear to be an important variation, but that extra back enables the New Zealand men to adopt an arrow-head formation, which they consider is the most suitable for either attack or defence. To determine the advantages—and the weakness—of such a formation, it is necessary to compare it with that of our own teams.

In our case, when the ball is "heeled" out of the scrummage, it passes to the scrum-half, who sends it out to his colleague, the stand-off half, who, in turn, passes it out to the line of four three-quarters behind him. In other words, behind the scrummage there are, excluding the full-back, three groups of players at different levels, and arranged *one* (scrum-half), *one* (stand-off half), *four* (three-quarters). In the New Zealand formation there are also three groups of players behind the scrummage, and arranged *one* (half), *two* (five-eighths), *three* (three-quarters).

The extra back in a New Zealand team, generally called a "wing-forward," is a general utility man with a variety of functions, one of the most important being that of putting the ball into the scrummage. This leaves the half-back free to receive the ball as soon as it is heeled; the English half-back puts the ball into the scrummage and then has to hurry back to the base of the scrum to receive it, and, if his forwards heel too quickly, he may be too late to pass it out before he is collared.

It is clear that the New Zealand formation is more compact than our own, and enables an attack to be opened up on either side more speedily. On the other hand, when a passing run is initiated by our three-quarters, there are four of them opposed by three New Zealand three-quarters. In fact, there

which means, of course, that their backs have had fewer chances of attacking.

To what, then, must we attribute the unbroken success of the New Zealand team? To three things—speed, combination, and fitness. By speed I do not mean that, individually, there are men who are faster than any to be found in England, Ireland, or Wales, but rather that the team as a whole, forwards and backs, is faster than their opponents collectively. This was most apparent in their match against Wales; the Welsh back division was made to look slow by comparison because their average speed was less than that of the All Blacks.

all day, if they wish, and practise manoeuvres as often as they please.

The present New Zealand team is fortunate in having with them, as manager, Mr. S. S. Dean, himself an old player, who not only keeps a watchful eye on his "boys" and their comfort, but is a keen observer of their opponents, with a disconcerting faculty for "spotting" their weak points. From the touch-line or the grand stand Mr. Dean is able to see more of the game and the run of the play than the players themselves can. At half-time, when the All Blacks troop off the ground and retire to their dressing-room, Mr. Dean is ready with suggestions



SHOWING THE STRENGTH OF THE "ALL BLACK" SYSTEM: THE "ALL BLACK" HALF (NO. 14) GETS THE BALL OUT TO THE FIVE-EIGHTHS BEFORE THE OPPOSING HALVES CAN INTERFERE, WHILE PORTER (NO. 16), WHO PUT THE BALL IN THE SCRUMMAGE, STANDS READY TO HELP.

That the combination of the New Zealand players should be equal to that of a club fifteen and superior to that of a county or ordinary International fifteen was to be expected, for they have been playing together now for over three months in one or two matches every week. Also, before coming to this

for a change of tactics, an alteration in the positions of the players, or concentration on some particular form of attack or means of defence. You may say, "Why are not our players advised similarly by some experienced old hand?" There is no reason why they should not be, but in most cases they do not even leave the field—much less consult or make plans. In fact, we are too much inclined to leave matters to chance, or, if there is any thinking to be done, to the captain.

What chance is there, then, of England beating this fine collection of footballers with all these advantages in their favour? I believe there is a very good chance; if the team chosen to represent us is as good as that which played for England in the last two seasons—and there is no reason to doubt that it will be.

To bring about this desirable result, it will be necessary to concentrate our attention on the weakest spot of the New Zealand team—their forwards. It is curious that when the All Blacks reached this country we were told that the forwards were the *strongest* part of the team: perhaps that was a "part of the plot"! At all events, it has been proved by Cambridge, by Newport, by Llanelli, and by other teams that the forwards can be beaten, both in the tight scrummages and in the loose play. The New Zealand players are, for an International team, poor dribblers; here, then, is our chance. There is no more difficult thing to check in Rugby football than a combined, dribbling rush by a fast pack of forwards, as all old players know. The English forwards, led by Wakefield, have only to do what they have done so often in recent years against the other countries—sweep the field with irresistible rushes, secure the ball in the scrummages, break up like lightning and join in the movements of the backs—to win on January 3.

Whether we win or lose, however, the tour of this second "All Blacks" team has been a memorable one. The representatives of the Dominion are a magnificent body of men, young, full of energy, and "rejoicing in their strength." They typify the virility and freshness of outlook of their country; they have given an added impetus towards improvement to the youth of Great Britain; they have kindled anew our enthusiasm for one of our greatest national games. The words of their war-cry are not inappropriate, seeing what they have accomplished—

The New Zealand storm is about to break;
We shall stand as children of the sun;
We shall fly to the heavens in exultation;
We shall attain the zenith!
The power, the power, the power!

When they return to their own country, we shall join in wishing the New Zealand team "Kia Ora"—Good Luck.



SHOWING THE WEAKNESS OF THE ENGLISH SYSTEM: AN ENGLISH SCRUM-HALF COLLARED, WHILE THE "ALL BLACK" WING-FORWARD, PORTER (ON RIGHT), DRIBBLES AWAY, BACKED UP BY RICHARDSON (CENTRE) AND BROWNLIE (EXTREME LEFT).

Photographs by Sport and General.

is a man over, and this overlapping is a danger to the New Zealand defence. This point was illustrated in a practical manner in the London v. New Zealand match, when R. K. Millar, the London wing three-quarter, was able to score two tries by this very overlapping.

Apart from putting the ball into the scrummage, the New Zealand "wing-forward," or "rover," is used to strengthen the defence by pouncing on the opposing half-back if he gets the ball, by breaking up a wheel by the opposing forwards, by drawing the attention of the opposing backs to himself and so enabling his own half-back to have a few extra seconds in which to run or pass the ball out.

The principal weakness of the New Zealand formation is that they have only seven forwards to face eight in the scrummages. This disadvantage has not always been evident during the present tour, because the All Blacks' forwards are heavy enough to discount their inferiority in numbers when opposed by a light pack; but in every instance when they have been pitted against a heavy pack, they have failed to get their share of the ball in the scrummages,

country, they played together in New Zealand and Australia. There is a sufficient number of spare men in the party of twenty-nine to give players who are tired, injured, or "stale" a rest; but the whole team is so much on a level that the presence of these substitutes makes little difference to the efficiency of the team.

For the same reasons, the New Zealand players are superior in fitness to most of their opponents. The average Rugby player has to work for his living, sometimes in an unhealthy environment, and it is only in his spare time that he can train or play football; but a touring team has nothing to do except keep fit and practise. There is a world of difference between the two conditions.

Take the case of an ordinary member of a Rugby club in London or in the provinces. Very often he will only see his fellow-members on a Saturday afternoon, when they play a match together. Sometimes, especially in the provinces, the members of a club can arrange a mid-week practice; rarely can they do more than this. But the touring team spends the whole of the week together; they can discuss plans

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, P. AND A., AND L.N.A.



SWEPT FROM HER SPITHEAD MOORINGS BY THE GALE AND BLOWN ASHORE NEAR GOSPORT: THE MONITOR "HAVELOCK" STRANDED AT BROWNDOWN.



THE LONDON-PARIS AEROPLANE DISASTER NEAR CROYDON: THE REMAINS OF THE BURNT MACHINE IN WHICH EIGHT PEOPLE PERISHED.



AN AMERICAN WAY WITH LAW-BREAKING MOTORISTS: A SIDE-CAR "CELL" FOR TAKING A PRISONER TO GAOL.



WIND-POWER FOR AGRICULTURAL AND OTHER PURPOSES: THE AERODYNAMO, WITH ITS POWER-HOUSE (RIGHT)—A GERMAN INVENTION.



ONE OF THE RAREST OF EXISTING BIRDS PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO": A GREY-HOODED PIGEON FROM THE MARQUESAS.



THE AGITATION OVER THE CLYDEBANK EVICTIONS: POLICE OUTSIDE A HOUSE IN JELlicoe STREET, WEST DALMUIR, WHERE AN EVICTION TOOK PLACE.

During the recent gale the monitor "Havelock," which during the war belonged to the Dover Patrol and was used in raids on the Belgian coast, broke from her moorings at Spithead, and was blown ashore at Browndown, near Gosport. Later she was towed off by tugs and taken to Portsmouth harbour.—On Christmas Eve a terrible air disaster occurred near London. The Imperial Airways aeroplane "D.H.34" crashed to the ground from a low altitude, just after leaving Croydon, and burst into flame. The pilot, Mr. D. A. Stewart, and all the seven passengers perished.—At Los Angeles the police recently tested a new side-car "cell" for taking to prison arrested motorists.—The Aerodynamo, invented by a German



"HANGING THE BRICK" AS A SIGN OF HOLIDAY: A REMARKABLE CHRISTMAS CUSTOM OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS THAT AROSE FROM AN OLD MUSIC-HALL SONG.

officer, has a current-generator in the wind-head.—The pigeon shown above, presented to the "Zoo" by the New York Zoological Society, came from Mukahira Island in the Pacific, and is believed to be the only one of its kind in any collection outside America.—In the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Life Guards the advent of Christmas and other holidays is announced by the ceremonial hanging of a brick by a chain over the canteen bar. While it remains there, no unnecessary work is done. The custom, which has been observed for some thirty years, originated in a music-hall song whose chorus contains the line: "When the brick went up, we wouldn't work another minute longer."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

AN ANGLO-CHINESE ACTRESS.—A BARRIE REVIVAL.—FILMS AND ART.

ROSE QUONG: remember the name, for soon it will be known to fame. Rosina Filippi, that past-mistress of dramatic art, who is ever in quest of new talent, found her; Lady Bell and Elizabeth Robins became joint sponsors; then they honoured me by asking my opinion, and—I sat in judgment and concurred with my sisters on the bench. Nor need I fear that we were all mistaken. Miss Filippi has tested her over and over again, and my audition of her took place in private under rather unfavourable circumstances—all the more to the credit of the artist.

For Miss Filippi's Academy is pitched in the Cromwell Road, that purlieu the beginning and end of which, according to Pinero in one of his plays, is an everlasting riddle. Well, they gave me the wrong number and the wrong hour, and when I came it was all over. But I wasn't going to waste cab fares and time on nothing. Miss Rose Quong was already in *deshabillé* in her dressing-room. "Never mind," I said, "we are going to have it all over again, impromptu, in private. Mrs. Venice, the charming friend of Rose, will read the male part; you, Rose, will remain as you are, now—*en avant!*" The play was "The Contract," by Mrs. Lee, a poignant little story of an East and West marriage between a European and a Chinese girl on time-contract. Of course there was issue, and, for the sake of the child, the mother, beset by her own people—for to marry white is taboo in China—immolates herself. It suited Rose Quong to perfection. There she stood, a *petite* Chinese woman of strong features, with sorrowful eyes and a tear in her voice. Her acting, perfect in technique, was not studied; it came from within. And the diction was a model of clearness: the words fell from her lips as, in the good old days, the sovereign at the Mint fell into the coinage casket. There was no doubt that this gifted woman would "go over" the footlights, and I promised Miss Filippi that I would lend such help as is in my power to give. For Rose Quong, who told me her story, has but a few months left in Europe if she finds no active employment on the stage. Friends who saw her in Australia, this "child of China born in the Antipodes," and admired her in Shaw, Shakespeare, and Ibsen—all of whom she loves to play—gave her the opportunity to go to London and to make good in the capital of the world. She wisely, instead of rushing on to the stage, sought Miss Filippi's counsel; under her, perfected her art, and is now ready for the fray—a "find" for any manager of theatre or music-hall who will take her up. For Rose Quong has personality and talent—maybe, genius—beyond the common.

I have seen it twenty-two times (and I don't blush for it) and I hope to fill up the two dozen before 1925 is very old. And I want in this festive season to exhort all my readers—to whom happiness and prosperity may be granted—to take themselves and their little ones to this poetic play of one of the greatest and most altruistic minds of our time—James Barrie. To me, "A Kiss for Cinderella" is as good as a sheaf of sermons, better than a church service, for it gives me all. It gives me words that ring through my mind into my heart; it gives me music—some lovely tunes among it by Norman O'Neill—that is humorous at moments and as inspiring as a church-organ at others; it gives me acting that is as true as ideal life can be—Mr. Norman McKinnel is a monument of a policeman with the heart of a child; Miss Hilda Trevelyan, so adorable, so young, is all that is woman and charity; and all the others, notably Mr. J. H. Roberts as Dr. Dodie, are good; while the setting is as quaint as fairyland.

But it also gives me much more than that. Between the smile—when the policeman cross-examines little Cindy as to her mysterious traffic in boxes—boxes that are cradles for starvelings, including



A CHINESE ACTRESS EXPECTED TO APPEAR SHORTLY ON THE LONDON STAGE: MISS ROSE QUONG.

Miss Rose Quong is a clever Chinese actress, with a good voice and emotional power, who speaks perfect English. She was introduced in London recently by Miss Rosina Filippi, who gave a special performance at her studio, in which Miss Quong appeared in a little melodrama suited to her gifts. It was reported that she would probably be seen shortly at a London theatre.

Photograph by Photopress.

a little German whom Cindy shelters although she is of enemy birth (bless Barrie for that word spoken in war!)—and the sob when little Cindy, who had her dream of glory, was found unconscious and in fever

great and sweet is Barrie's mind; how he knows man, woman, and child; how he gauges their hearts as well as their minds and knows the bright side of existence as well as the dim one! Next, what power the play has for good; how it lifts us away from the world's toil and woe; how it softens us within; makes us feel altruistic, ready to be helpful and charitable—just as the Christmas tree does when the candles are alight. Of how many plays can one say that they spread such balm, that they combine sentiment—never sentimentality—and humour, godly gifts both, with the rejuvenating power of romance!

If Barrie had written but this one play of humanity—and he has given us a score—he would live for times and times beyond his life-span. As he is still young and goes strong—thank goodness!—what may not be expected of him! So let us thank him once more for this gift that will become a hardy annual like "Peter Pan," and Mr. Frederick Harrison for the liberal hand with which he has spread this feast of joy and convivial happiness.

I very much regret that I was not present at the debate of the Gallery First Nighters, when the Cinema was on the *tapis*. For careful newspaper readers have no doubt followed the controversy—I should say the one-sided controversy—between our distinguished premier critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, who sees no art in the films, and Mr. R. S. Littlewood, who defends the other side. Curiously enough, Mr. Walkley has not answered the somewhat caustic strictures, in his *Times* article, by my other distinguished colleague: surely in this case, silence cannot possibly mean assent.

Personally, with the greatest respect for their opinions, I disagree with both. There is, to my lights, art in some films, as there is in others a total absence of it. One should not generalise. The American films in Griffith's palmiest days began with art; remember "The Birth of a Nation." They gradually degraded into *cliché* and star turns. American films beyond the showman's level become rare and rarer.

Look, on the other hand, at what Germany produces. We know little of its films over here. The "Nibelungs" has become a kind of shibboleth and deserves to be; but there are dozens of equal merit which certainly are allied to art for their harmony of composition and the subordination of the individual actor to the scheme. Then there are the Swedish films: "Ordeal by Fire," is that not art? And there is Italian work and Austrian work, and latterly the "Two Little Vagabonds" with Yvette Guilbert's masterly creation.

Indeed, the pros and cons are inexhaustible, and one thing is certain: the British Film Industry is not what it should be, for the simple reason that the main wielders have no artistic *aides-de-camp* by their side who have either the knowledge or the taste for the drama. Nor can they carve a scenario beyond fretwork. I give no names, but I will relate a fact.

I have always been an apostle of everything that is British, and one has seen British films that deserved high praise. I jubilated and hoped that Excelsior was near, but a good English film is an oasis in the desert, and the fact which I am going to relate is that, wide-awake and enthusiastic playgoer and film-goer as I am, I have slumbered more during film adaptations of British plays and novels than during the rest of my pretty long life. I fancy that our premier critic has been lured to British films, and

who shall blame him that he writes in a somewhat despairing mood? Our film world, like our theatrical world when Ibsen came upon the scene and played havoc with the old and effete school, clamours for reform.



A BARRIE REVIVAL: MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS MISS THING BECOME CINDERELLA (HER ORIGINAL PART), AND MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS THE POLICEMAN PRINCE CHARMING, IN "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Sir James Barrie's delightful fantasy of the war days, "A Kiss for Cinderella," was revived at the Haymarket just before Christmas. Miss Hilda Trevelyan plays her old part as daintily as ever, while that of the Policeman who becomes Prince Charming, originally taken by Sir Gerald du Maurier, is now in the hands of Mr. Norman McKinnel.

in the mean street; and the exquisite joy of the love scene—perhaps the prettiest avowal and response in all modern comedy: between these three gamuts of feeling, there is room for two reflections. First, how

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A fashionable scarf of fitch which may be secured in the sale at Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W. (See page 34.)

be worse. The social prospects are quite good, and it has been stated that the pre-Easter season will be brightened by two-Courts. Several of the younger members of the Royal Family will, it is expected, be back by April.

The reopening of Wembley is another thing to look forward to, with the Duke of York as President instead of the Prince of Wales; and with his pretty little sweet-smiling Duchess to win more hearts of our home and our overseas peoples. The King and Queen will probably spend most of the spring and summer in London, and we all know

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

HEALTH and happiness to all kind readers; also to correspondents from various parts of the world, who have interested and helped in writing this page. We look forward to the year before us very hopefully, and with great confidence in the new Government. So far as the weather is concerned, it must be better, as it could not well

how much their Majesties' presence contributes to the pleasure and happiness of the people.

At Sandringham, a quiet but happy Christmas was spent by almost all the members of the Royal Family, also by the King and Queen of Norway and their son. The King and his sons had excellent shooting, the Prince of Wales and his brothers a run with the West Norfolks. Most of the well-known families spent Christmas in their country houses. The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry had a large party at Wynyard. Their youngest daughter, pretty little Lady Mary Stewart, is now quite a sportswoman, riding her little pony, and is as keen as any member of the family to keep up its sporting tradition.

The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale have been entertaining at Lowther Castle, where once the ex-German Emperor was treated with magnificent hospitality. This he took as only his due, and rather played host to Lord Lonsdale, than the part of a guest. Our sporting Earl, however, was too good a Britisher to run his former guest down in any way, although his affection for him cannot be even skin-deep!

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are at Barons Court, their much-loved North of Ireland home, which has fine traditions of many royal visits, and is a very beautiful place. In the grounds is a large lake, in which Lady Katherine Hamilton, the only unmarried daughter of the house, loves to boat and fish. Lord Claud Hamilton, the Duke's uncle, has been seriously ill, and, he being a great favourite in the family, his condition has caused much anxiety. With Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, father of the Marchioness of Titchfield, he ranks as one of the best-turned-out men in England.

The Atholl Highlanders must be highly delighted to have their chief and the Duchess of Atholl amongst them once more, at the beginning of the New Year, which in Scotland is a much more important season than Christmas. There is more, perhaps, of feudal spirit at Blair Atholl than anywhere else in the United Kingdom. The Duke's Highlanders, raised by his father, are practically a private regiment, always at the King's service, with their headquarters near the Castle, and their full Highland uniform and hunting dress kept in excellent order for use when required on special occasions.

The Duke of Atholl, it is stated, is going on a long trip; the Duchess in the meantime will carry on her onerous duties as Member of Parliament. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have had a family party, as usual, at Welbeck, where there has been shooting and hunting, and the usual kindly consideration shown to all on the large estate.

Transformation from being a person to being a patient ought to be change enough for anyone, without doctor's orders. It is interesting, if not exciting, to hear yourself discussed as quite an outsider, to be told what to eat and drink (seldom what you want to) and to be allowed to wash your face as a great concession: your small universe bounded by a very spick-and-span doctor and a neat but



A beautifully worked coat of moleskin, of which the price is substantially reduced at Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W. (See page 34.)

tyrannous nurse. Small efforts to put one's oar in on one's own account are politely ignored. The only thing to be said in favour of the change is a great relief from all responsibility. The affairs of your life become much more the affairs of other people than of yourself.

The new style of hairdressing called lappets, but which would be more correctly designated "à la Clumber spaniel," seems most unlikely to obtain any popularity among English girls: most inconvenient, for motoring and sports of all kinds, hot, and too heavy for the English style of face.

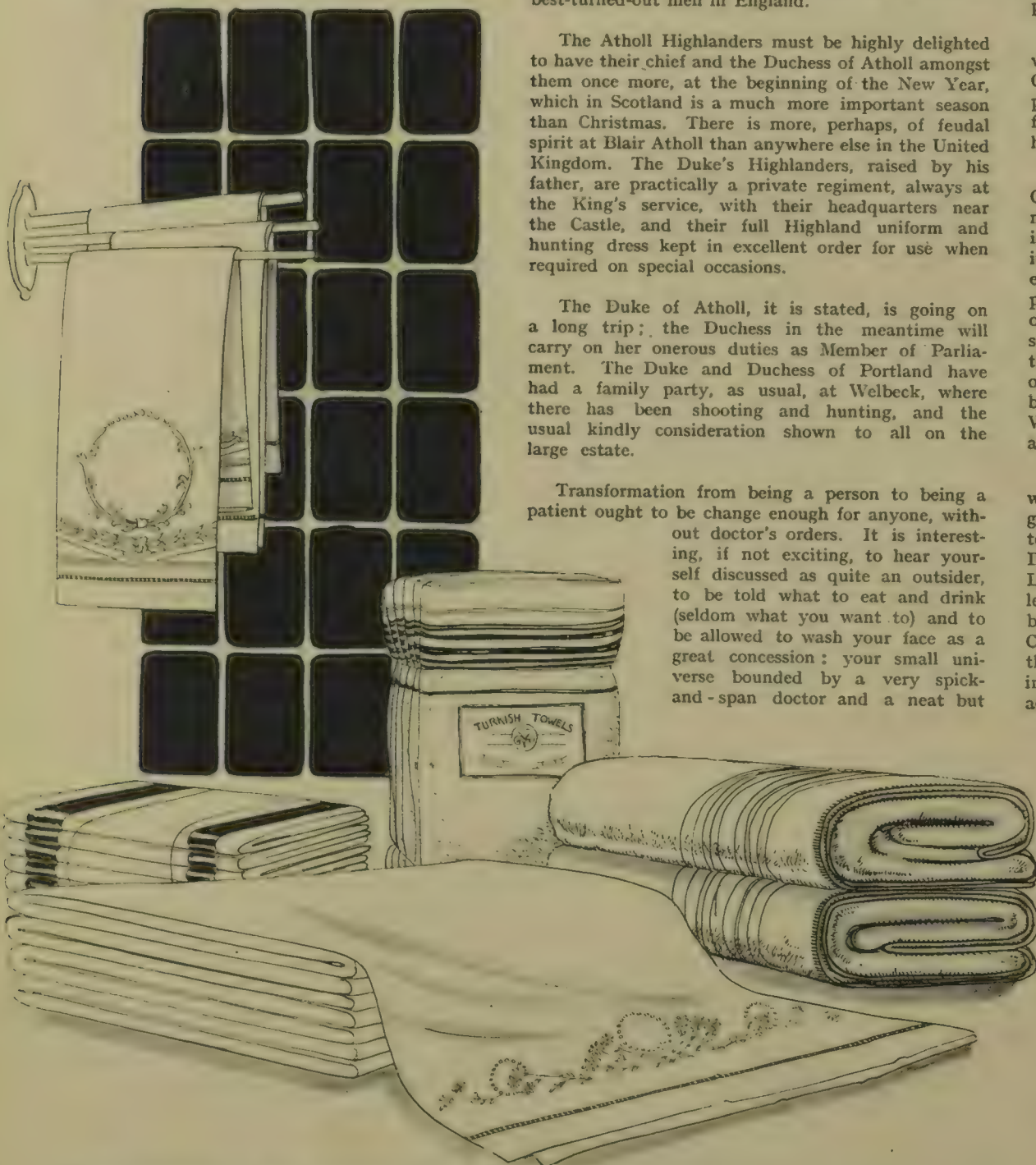
Silk stockings formed a very important factor in Christmas presents. When the dress allowance is not a very large one, "legs run away with a lot," is the verdict of many women. This, too, is a recent invasion of dress allowance for everyday wear of everyday women. Smiles greeted the opening of a parcel containing from one to half-a-dozen pairs of "silkies" as they are affectionately called. These same smiles broadened or died away according to the quality of the gift. "Oh, what jolly good ones," or "They're so thin I can't wear them until summer," being the audible comments accompanying the smiles. When young, a pleasure deferred until summer loses a lot of its pleasingness.

It must have been not only disappointing, but worrying, for Marchioness Curzon to have to put off going to Switzerland with her step-daughters, owing to the indisposition of her own girl, Miss Marcella Duggan, who has to have an operation in January. Lady Irene and Lady Alexandra Curzon, however, left for Switzerland last Saturday to join their step-brothers, Mr. Alfred and Mr. Hubert Duggan. Lady Curzon's two sons are handsome young men, and, though American by birth, are very much at home in this country, although they own such un-English accomplishments as dancing the tango. But, to return to their beautiful mother, it is a great pity that she could not spend Christmas at St. Moritz, as she has, one hears, been feeling rather tired of late, and would have been glad of the exhilaration of Swiss air.

Once upon a time—this is not a Russian fairy-tale—we liked Russian head-dresses, Russian tunics, Russian boots, Russian blouses, and many other Russian things. We like them still, but have found other names for them, as we do not like what at the present time stands for Russia. Despite the real pretty fairy stories brought home by the hand-fed Trades Union delegation, we know what a very poor time of it decent people have in unholy Soviet Russia.

We call Russian head-dresses mitred bandeaux; Russian tunics, long lined fur-edged gowns; Russian boots, Balkan boots; and Russian blouses, bodice-jumpers, Alsatian coats, Rumanian coats, or Serbian jackets. Fashion is a diplomatic dame, and seldom crosses the signs of the times—rather signals with them.

A. E. L.



Gilt-edged investments for every housewife wishing to replenish the linen-chest may be found at Walpole Brothers', 89, New Bond Street, W., during their sale which is now in progress. (See page 34.)



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Fashions and Fancies.

Treasures for Bargain-Seekers.

Jan. 12 to 17 are red-letter days to every bargain-seeker, for during that time the sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., will be in full swing. Included in it is the short moleskin coat, beautifully worked, pictured on page 32. It was originally 39 guineas, and is marked at 29 guineas for the sale; while the fashionable necktie of fitch sketched on the left is reduced to 8 guineas. Fur-trimmed velour coats will range from 55s. to £5, and 400 tailored coats and skirts in gabardine and repp will be offered at 60s. each. The entire stock of tea-gowns in crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, etc., is to be sold in three lots at £3, £5, and £8; while pretty house-frocks in silk marocain are 29s. 6d. instead of 45s. 9d. An illustrated catalogue containing many bargains will be sent free on application.

A Sale of Household Linen.

Every housewife must visit Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., 175, Sloane Street, W., and 108, Kensington High Street, S.W., during their January sale, which began on New Year's Day. Beautiful linens, some of which are sketched on page 32, have all been substantially reduced in price, and are gilt-edged investments. There are oddments in pure linen tablecloths to be secured from 15s. 6d. upwards (size, two-by-two yards), and a limited number of napkins to match at 12s. 6d. a dozen. Then 122 pairs of hem-stitched linen sheets, single-bed size, are to be disposed of for 35s. a pair; and pure linen pillow-cases with embroidered initials are 6s. 11d. each during the sale. A catalogue giving full details will be sent free on application.

Golden Opportunities.

Everyone in search of bargains must wend their way to Samuel Brothers, Oxford Circus, W., and Ludgate Hill, E.C., whose sale is in full swing. Sketched on this page are two useful frocks in silk and wool, obtainable in many pretty colourings. "The Waldo," on the left, costs 55s. 9d., and the "Walton" 42s. Stockinette dresses and jumper

suits range from 30s. upwards, and fur-trimmed velour coats from 42s. Many charming evening frocks in crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with marabout and feathers have been reduced to 55s. 9d. Everything for children's wear has suffered the same drastic reductions, and warm coats can be secured from 18s. 9d., stockinette frocks and knickers from 14s. 6d. the set, and school frocks from 31s. 6d.



Two useful frocks in silk and wool included in the sale at Samuel Brothers', Oxford Circus, W. The "Waldo," on the left, is expressed in copper and silver, and the "Walton" in royal blue and gold.

A Sale of Note.

Bargain-seekers will secure many prizes at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., whose sale commences on Jan. 5 and lasts for two weeks. There is a section upstairs devoted to knitted accesso-

ries, including coats of various kinds for 29s. 6d., originally 4½ guineas; and coats and skirts or frocks in silk and wool are 42s. each. Woollen jumpers may be secured for 15s. 6d. In the tailored suit department, French models originally 20 to 40 guineas have been reduced to 10½ guineas and 18½ guineas; and spring suitings, usually 8½ guineas, are 98s. 6d. Four model tea-gowns are being offered at 5 guineas each, and delightful printed crêpe-de-Chine tea-frocks are obtainable for 59s. 6d. There are also 500 fascinating boudoir caps offered at 1s. each.

For One Week Only.

The sale at Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., begins on Jan. 5, and lasts for one week only, so an early visit is essential. Everything is being sold at clearance prices. There are polo sweaters in fine soft wool with high choker collars offered at 14s. 11d., and a few suede coats and jumpers, lined-throughout, are reduced to 4½ guineas. Then a collection of gloves at 2s. a pair, stockings at 1s. a pair, and pure silk ones at 3s. 3d. a pair, must not be missed. Parents busy outfitting small folk for the coming term must note that gymnasium tunics can be secured for 5s. 11d.

A First Sale.

The reputation for beautiful furs enjoyed for half a century by the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W., is far famed, and it is splendid news indeed that this firm are holding a first sale, beginning on Jan. 5. Everything is being reduced 25 per cent. to 30 per cent., from costly wraps of sables and chinchilla down to diminutive "chokers" of squirrel and mink. Every fur bought at these salons is a really sound investment, and no one should fail to take advantage of the splendid opportunities afforded by the sale. It must be noted that, while the present premises are being rebuilt in the immediate future, the business carried on will be transferred to temporary premises at the corner of Oxford Circus.

A Hint to Housewives.

That good chocolate lends delicious flavouring to cookery is well known. Cadbury's have recently issued an illustrated booklet entitled "Bestway" Chocolate Cookery, which gives simple directions for making a great variety of chocolate dainties with Bournville cocoa as an ingredient. A copy can be obtained free by readers applying to Cadbury Bros., Bournville.

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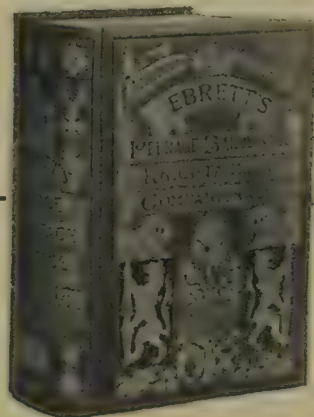
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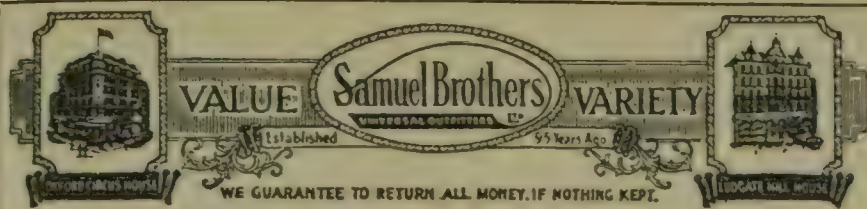
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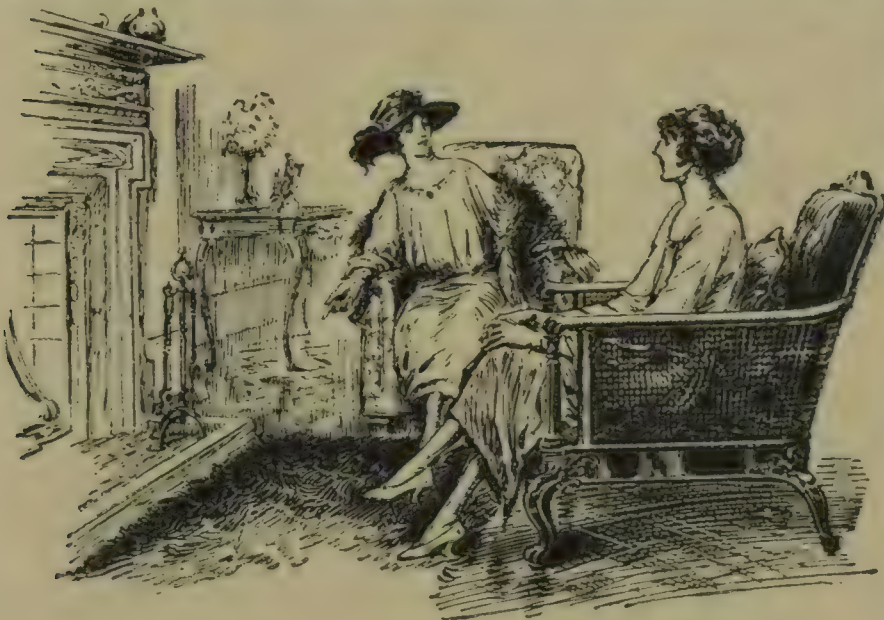
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Important Motoring Appeal. The Automobile Association is appealing to Quarter Sessions against the conviction of a motorist by the Torpoint Bench in respect of his failure to illuminate the rear number-plate. The evidence showed that the motorist was stopped by the police and informed that his rear lamp was out. On examination, it was found that the filament in the electric bulb was broken. It was, however, clear that the lamp was all right a short time previously, as the motorist had occasion to stop a few miles from Torpoint, and he then observed the lamp to be all right. These facts were brought to the notice of the Bench by the solicitors instructed by the Automobile Association, and the lamp with the broken filament was also produced. At the same time, it was pointed out to the Bench that the Statute provided that, where all reasonable steps had been taken to

It was held by the High Court some time ago that this defence was available to the motorist on a charge of this nature, and the Automobile Association is appealing in order to preserve a principle which is of vital importance to all motorists.

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Saloon for
One Shilling.**

In order to give a larger number of people an opportunity of entering, and so to increase the shillings for the hospitals, the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., have decided to keep open until Jan. 31 their competition for the £275 Standard 11-h.p. "Piccadilly" saloon. The runs of the two cars whose distances are to be computed by the competitors will close, as originally planned, on Dec. 31, when the speedometers, still under seal, will be removed from the cars by an official of the A.A. They will be held by him until Jan. 31—the new closing date, on which date the seals will be broken and the mileage disclosed. Any number of entry-forms and full particulars can be obtained for a shilling each (which goes entirely to the hospitals) and postage, from the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., Coventry, and 49, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or from any agent for the sale of Standard cars. The name and address of the winner will be announced on Feb. 14.

**An Alpine Race
in Bond Street.**

A race between two motor-cars over Alpine roads depicted by a remarkable model is drawing large crowds of interested spectators at Messrs. Mann, Egerton, and Co., 156, New Bond Street. The effects of the race over a winding road, the cars diminishing in size as they climb higher and higher, are cleverly obtained. The two cars start level, and fill up at pumps, one on "Shell, the other on an

unbranded spirit. Needless to say, the Shell car wins. Another feature of the window display is a model of the 350-h.p. Sunbeam on which Mr. Malcolm Campbell



IN AN OLD-WORLD ENGLISH VILLAGE: A 12-20 H.P. CALTHORPE AT STONELEIGH, WARWICKSHIRE.

ensure a proper illumination of the number-plate, no conviction should be recorded. The Bench rejected this defence, and, in fining the motorist 10s., stated that in their view it was not open to him to make use of this defence, and that the mere fact that the lamp was out apparently rendered the offence complete.



IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS AT KANDY, CEYLON:
A 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE.

reached the phenomenal speed of 2½ miles per minute on Shell oil. There is an echo of Wembley in the replicas of miniature Shell petrol-cans, oil-cans, and petrol-pump presented to the Queen's Dolls' House by the Shell people. These tiny cans will actually hold petrol and have screw-on caps.

**Humbers in
Demand.**

The Duke of Devonshire is now enrolled amongst the number of owners of Humber cars, one of their latest models having just been supplied to his order. Viscount Boyne and Sir J. Laycock, K.C.M.G., have also been supplied with the new Humbers which they recently ordered.

**Rolls-Royce
Report.**

The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have issued their annual report. It shows that (subject to audit) the profits for the year ended Oct. 31 last amounted to £163,000. They have decided to recommend at the annual meeting of shareholders, which is to be held at Derby on Monday, Jan. 12, that a dividend of 8 per cent. should be paid in respect of the year named.

W. W.

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"Showing the Way by Air

The scene depicted above shows the De Havilland 50 machine, after being refueled up with "BP," leaving London for a pioneer flight to India.

Piloted by Mr. Alan Cobham, the machine is conveying Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker to a conference with the Government of India—the first step towards the development of a regular scheme of Empire Air Travel. Sir Sefton Brancker will confer with the Governments of the various European countries traversed on the course of the flight. For the first time Great Britain shows the flag

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